



No. 115.—Vol. IX.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A CHAT WITH THE SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL ALMONRY.

This office, now situated in Craig's Court, Whitehall, is maintained expressly for the distribution of the Royal Alms or Bounty to the Poor, there being several other royal gifts dispensed besides those given on Maundy Thursday. The Secretary to the Royal Almonry—Mr. Hayward John Bidwell—at once impresses you as both the embodiment of ideal courtesy and of that cheerfulness which we are told should accompany all acts of charity, while his fund of information appears to be inexhaustible as you chat with him in the panelled "parlour" of the Royal Almonry, where, for an hour and a half after his official duties in the Exchequer and Audit Office are over, he has, for the last fifteen years, as Assistant and Chief Secretary, carried out work which seems to be to him quite "a labour of love." Unfortunately, through Mr. Bidwell's diffidence, we are unable to give his portrait.



MAUNDY MONEY.

From a manuscript volume indited by an official predecessor, Mr. Bidwell read to me a graphic description of the banquet which was associated in Elizabethan times with the Maundy Charity, his modesty inclining him, apparently, from indulging in excerpts from his own standard article in the *Guardian* on the origin and history of that form of royal charity which emanates from the ceremonies duly celebrated in imitation of the divine love of Christ in washing the disciples' feet before the Last Supper.

Then Mr. Bidwell drew my attention to some old engravings hanging on the walls, representing the long tables at which the number of guests, otherwise, recipients of the charity—male and female, represented the number of years of the reigning sovereign's age. The great platters were piled up with bread, salmon, ling, and salted herrings, while wine and ale in curiously shaped cups were being quaffed. Much realism was imparted to the scene by Mr. Bidwell putting into my hands a huge platter cut from a solid block of elm, and I also examined with unqualified interest wooden cups and drinking-vessels which had graced the last table spread, in 1837, in William the Fourth's reign, when the banquet was discontinued and various commutations were made.

The fact, I'm told, was that scenes other than decorous took place during the service when the distribution of clothing to the aged and deserving poor was made. The old men would bring two-foot rules and measure the boots, disputing and wrangling in their endeavours to obtain by exchange a suitable fit, and then the old ladies made ungraceful initiatory attempts to don their stays, while the fineness of the linen and flannel distributed was ill-suited to the requirements of the poor, and consequently they were sold by the recipients to the Jews.

Of course, the alteration in the manner of the donations was salutary, although I hate any old custom changing its form. However, we still preserve the spirit, although the letter may be less observed. For instance, we still wear, during the ceremonials attendant on the donations in Westminster Abbey, fine linen and carry sweetly perfumed flowers. In Queen Elizabeth's time the feet of the aged poor were first washed by the 'laundress,' then by the Sub-Almoner, afterwards by the High Almoner, and finally by the Sovereign, while sweet-smelling herbs and many flowers graced the act of humiliation, and so 'tempered' the duty of kissing and laving the feet as to be endurable to the august personage. After James II.'s time, the whole custom fell into desuetude, he being the last English sovereign who performed the actual ceremony of feet-washing."

"I believe the Maundy money is composed of fourpenny, threepenny, twopenny, and penny silver pieces?"

"Quite so; they are specially coined for us at the Mint. Each recipient gets these to the amount of six shillings and fourpence. These coins are much sought after by curiosity collectors, and, when I am asked to give a price representing their sentimental value, I generally estimate it at twenty-five shillings, including the bag. Besides this sum, each eligible old man receives £2 5s., and each old woman £1 15s., which represents the cost-prices of the garments and clothing. Perhaps you may know that the derivation of the term is differently ascribed. Some trace it to *mandatum*, in reference to the Divine command; and others to *maund*, a basket. However that may be, it may interest you to know that, in addition to these little pieces of silver money, a sum of one pound each is given as a commutation in redemption of the sovereign's gown worn at the feet-washing ceremony."

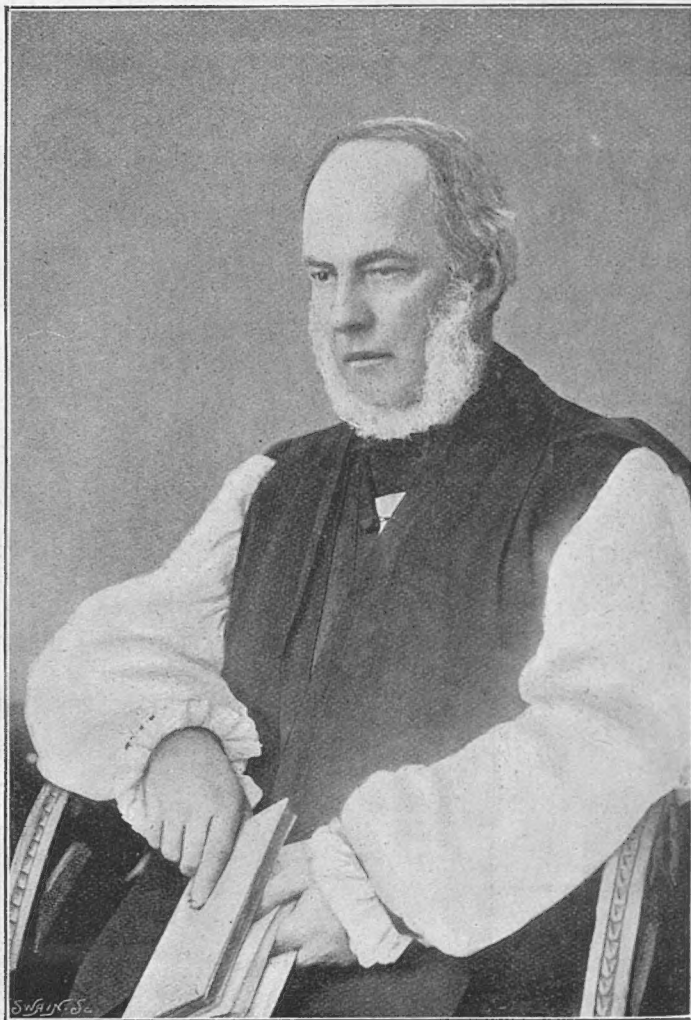
"And what are these little white and red kid bag-purses, with their long kid strings, which I see collected here, Mr. Bidwell?"

"They constitute the second, or the purse distribution. They have just arrived from the glover's. Just feel how soft and pleasant they are to the touch. These are piled up on the salver with the ends hanging down—in that fashion. My assistant, Mr. Hunt, hands them to me, and I pass them on to the Lord High Almoner, who is the bestower of the royal bounty. It is especially pleasing to note the delicate and tender way in which his Lordship places the purses securely in the hands of those poor persons who are blind. The white purses contain

the Maundy money as represented by the little silver pieces, and in the red have been placed one pound in gold, representing the commutation referred to above, being the balance of the Maundy, and thirty shillings, an allowance in lieu of provisions formerly given in kind."

"And where do all these old folk come from?"

"From every part of England, under the recommendation of the parochial clergy as deserving cases. All these applications are brought under the notice of the Lord Bishop of Ely, the present holder of the office of Lord High Almoner to the Queen, who thoroughly investigates each case and satisfies himself of its genuineness and need before making any donation. They must not be under sixty years of age unless there may be special circumstances to give extension to the limit of years. I am referring to the Maundy charities; but there are various other royal charitable funds—for instance, the Common Bounty of ten shillings paid half-yearly to certain ancient and deserving poor, and the Lord High Almoner has instituted a scheme for extending this charity to every diocese. Then we have the Royal Gate Alms, being sixpence a week paid in two half-yearly sums of thirteen shillings to eligible persons who have come down in the world. However, I will omit mention of others, except the four allowances of five guineas



THE LORD ALMONER, THE BISHOP OF ELY.

Photo by Samuel Walker, Regent Street, W.

granted for educational purposes to the issue of people who have seen better days, and these are styled 'Children of the Almonry.'"

"I suppose some remarkably interesting characters seek the benefits?"

"Yes, indeed. For instance, one was a man named Le Cerf, whose ancestors migrated to England after the Edict of Nantes. He was one of the old silk-weavers of Spitalfields. On his loom, when he died, was left an unfinished piece of silk, of charming fabric."

Then our chat merged into the delights of country life, of which Mr. Bidwell is an enthusiastic lover, and when I left I brought away a ticket of admission to Westminster Abbey, Mr. Bidwell explaining that tickets could be obtained *only* at the Royal Almonry.

A CLEVER IMPERSONATOR.

If Max Nordau were to pay a visit to any English music-hall just now, he would find much material on which to exercise his peculiar gift of depreciation. Chief offender he would, perhaps, find Mr. Henry Lee, who, at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, not only assumes the outward guise of famous men, but gives us, as far as possible, voice and gesture as well. If imitation is the hall-mark of degeneration, then Mr. Lee is a degenerate of degenerates. He is an actor of considerable powers, and his physique lends itself particularly well to "martial treatment." That is why one likes his Bismarck and Emperor William I. far more than his Dickens and Tennyson. His Tennyson is too rugged, and his voice does not seem mellow enough to have "set the wild echoes flying." Mr. Malcolm Watson has written some very appropriate speeches for Mr. Lee to speak through Mr. Crook's selection of music.



A VACATION EXERCISE.

"THE BEAUTIFUL GERALDINE."

It is not often that a member of "the Profession" can boast of sharing a distinction confined to herself, a Queen, and a Duchess; yet this is the case with Geraldine Leopold—"beautiful Geraldine," as she is styled, *et pour cause*—the newest attraction at the Alhambra, a young lady-gymnast, on whom was conferred last year the Spanish Order of the Red Cross, as a reward for her charity and personal kindness to the wounded. This lady-gymnast, though most of her personal triumphs have taken place in Spain, is of English parentage, her father and mother having both been famous gymnasts in their day. She was born in America, where she made her debut at the tender age of two, just nineteen years ago; since then she has made, as may easily be imagined, great way, and now claims to be the champion woman-acrobat of the world, for there is scarce a large town in Europe or America where she has not performed. "Beautiful Geraldine" has already appeared in London. She took part in the great gala performance at the Alhambra in honour of the Shah, on the occasion of the latter's visit to England, and the Persian potentate was so delighted with her feats that he presented her with a splendid diamond ring. In addition to her special

This by way of expostulation with a clever writer who has a fine field, and who can at times move our sympathies strongly. If the Cockney (or other) dialect were less pronounced, I should say the lays where he tells of the woes of the minor personages of the theatre were the best. At least, there is nothing better in the book than "The Song of the Property Man," who, when hustled, and worried, and scolded, and sworn at by managers all day, has a revengeful dream of his enemy being given the property-man's post in the other life, and having to provide "properties" of a difficult kind, and on the shortest notice, "An' it's goin' to be eternal Monday mornin'!"—

'E may like it, 'e may lump it,
But 'e'll 'ave to make 'er trumpit,
An' it ain't so easy fakin' seas o' crystal.

This specimen should not obscure the fact that the romance and sentiment of the profession are sung by its laureate, Mr. Legge; only, save in "A-Strolling," his sentiment is uttered in such difficult constructions that it is apt to stick fast in his page.

Mr. Owen Seaman hopes he may not be suspected of having originally taken his idea of "Horace at Cambridge" (Innes) from the late Horatian boom of 1894. The verses collected in his book began to appear in the



"THE BEAUTIFUL GERALDINE."

trapeze work, Miss Leopold, a dark-eyed, sparkling brunette, with a wealth of beautiful hair, is a trained circus-rider and a fancy-swimmer. Her trapeze performance is certainly most graceful, and most graceful when most dangerous. I am not greatly stirred, æsthetically, by the sight of a young lady swinging by her heels through space like a pendulum—in fact, it rather disturbs my preconceived notions of the orbit in which the sphere of woman should move. But if anything were to reconcile me to this sort of thing, it would be Mdlle. Geraldine's grace, combined with her charming smile and the pretty way in which she toys with her luxuriant hair. She is quite an aerial mermaid! M.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Those who saw a little collection of verse that appeared a year ago or more, called "Songs of a Strolling Player," by Mr. R. G. Legge, will look with some interest at its successor, "Player Poems" (Innes). There are not so many good verses in "Player Poems"; and Mr. Legge is cultivating the very worst possible style for treating his particular themes. To gain the sympathy of outsiders for members of his much-loved vagabond players, to describe their hardships and weaknesses and heroisms, is, I suppose, his purpose; and by every rule known to common-sense he should try the simplest, directest means. But there are passages as hard as Browning's hardest,

Granta the year before. But what if the boom had awakened his ambition? None save the Hawarden Horace—and only parts of that—can compete with Mr. Seaman's singing of University things in Horatian metres. Mr. Seaman has a light hand and a pretty wit. The invasion by eager lady culture-trippers of the sacred shrines of learning in summer-time has been a very frequent theme of academic satire, but "The Dirge of the Amateur Mænad" has no quite worthy rival—

Treading where Dons will hardly dare to tread,
Sucking like any amorous Matine bee
Eclectic sweets of fair Philosophy,
We fluttered and we fed;
Whatso the theme, it mattered not one bit.

Anon to Church with high impartial zeal.

His themes are those who row and those who don't; the perfect undergraduate; the awfulness of Dons; the new school of letters—the

Wassail-bowl is going out;
Absinthe's the thing for little nippers;

and the despair of the making of iambics which leads the erewhile ambitious candidate for honours to take a "Poll"—

So we sever, O my Coach!
I leave the chase of giddy geese and Honour's airy scent,
By the 'Special exit meant for use in case of Accident.

Mr. Seaman has the makings of a Calverley in him.

Q. Q.

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PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION (First and Second Class only), **THURSDAY, April 11**, by the above Special Express Day Service.—Leaving London Bridge 9 a.m., Victoria 9 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m. Excursion Tickets (First, Second, and Third Class) will also be issued by the above Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, April 10 to 15 inclusive. Returning from Paris by the above 9 p.m. Night Service only on any day within fourteen days of the date of issue. Fares, First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class (Night Service only), 26s.

First and Second Class Passengers may return by the Day Service from Paris, 9.30 a.m., on payment of 4s. 9d. and 3s. respectively.

For full particulars see Time Books and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 23, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City General Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.
(By Order) **A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.**

SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

SPECIAL DAY TRIP EXCURSIONS

Will leave

WATERLOO STATION as follows, calling at principal Stations—
ON GOOD FRIDAY,

At 7 a.m.	To	s. d.	At 8.20 a.m.	To	s. d.
PORTSMOUTH	...	4 0	SOUTHAMPTON	...	4 0
SOUTHAMPTON	...	4 0	LYNDHURST ROAD	...	5 0
SALISBURY	...	4 0	BROCKENHURST	...	5 0
RYDE and COWES	...	5 6	LYMINGTON or	...	5 0
ISLE OF WIGHT RAILWAY	...	5 6	BOURNEMOUTH E.	...	5 0
STATIONS	...	6 10			

ON EASTER SUNDAY.

TO	At 8.40 a.m.	TO	s. d.
PORTSMOUTH	...	RYDE	5 6
		To ISLE OF WIGHT Railway Stations; Fare 6s. 10d.	

ON EASTER MONDAY.

TO THE SOUTH COAST OF DEVON.

SEATON AND SIDMOUTH	At 6.55 a.m.	TO	s. d.
...	...	EXMOUTH	8 6

TO	At 6.55 a.m.	TO	s. d.
SOUTHAMPTON	...	SALISBURY	5 0
PORTSMOUTH	...	RYDE and COWES	6 6
		To BRADING, BEMBRIDGE, ST. HELENS, SANDOWN, SHANKLIN, WROXALL, and VENTNOR, Fare 7s. 10d.	

At 7.50 a.m. to BOURNEMOUTH, and at 8.25 a.m. to LYMINGTON	At 8.5 a.m. to LYNDHURST ROAD, BROCKENHURST, and CHRISTCHURCH	s. d.
Fare 5 0	Fare 5 0	

By certain of above Excursions, Tickets available for two days will also be issued.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW AND MANOEUVRES AT WINDSOR.

On Good Friday, Saturday (April 13), Easter Sunday and Monday, **CHEAP DAY-TRIP TICKETS** will be issued to **WINDSOR** from **Waterloo, Kensington (Addison Road), &c.**, by various trains. Fare, 2s. 6d.

For further particulars, also as to Excursions to Suburban and Riverside Stations, and of Saturday to Tuesday Excursions to Portsmouth, Southampton, Salisbury, Lymington, &c., and the Isle of Wight, see Programmes, to be obtained of G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, and at any of the Company's Stations or Offices.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

EASTER EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 11.

CHEAP TRAINS will be run from London (St. Pancras and City Stations) to Matlock, Buxton, Manchester, Liverpool, Bolton, Blackburn, Bury, Rochdale, Oldham, Sheffield, Barnsley, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, York, Hull, Scarborough, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Lancaster, Morecambe, the Lake District, and Carlisle, Leicester, Birmingham, Nottingham, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, Staffordshire Potteries, &c. Tickets will be available for returning on Tuesday, April 16.

SCOTLAND for 4, 8, or 16 days.

On **THURSDAY, April 11**, a **CHEAP FOUR AND EIGHT DAYS' TRIP** will also be run to **EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Greenock, Helensburgh, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Aberdeen, Stirling, Perth, Inverness, &c.**, leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m., by which **THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS** at a **SINGLE ORDINARY FARE** for the **DOUBLE JOURNEY** will also be issued, the tickets being available for return **ANY DAY WITHIN 16 DAYS** from date of issue.

Tickets and Bills may be had at the Midland Station and City Booking Offices, and from Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

Derby, April, 1895.

GEORGE H. TURNER, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.

THURSDAY NIGHT, APRIL 11, for four or eight days, to Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Oban, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland from London (Woolwich Arsenal), Woolwich Dockyard, Victoria (L. C. and D.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and King's Cross (G. N.). Returning April 15 or 19.

TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE for the **DOUBLE JOURNEY** will also be issued by above excursion to places named, available for return by one fixed train, on any day up to and including April 26.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, for six days, to Cambridge, St. Ives, Wisbech, Lynn, Cromer, Norwich, Yarmouth, Lincoln, Spalding, Grimsby, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Stoke, Newark, Barnsley, Huddersfield, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Keighley, Hull, York, Scarborough, Whitby, Bridlington, Darlington, Newcastle, &c., returning April 16.

For further particulars see bills, to be obtained at Company's stations and town offices.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

AN APOSTLE OF THE GROTESQUE.

The youngest, and perhaps, taking one thing with another, the most original of latter-day geniuses (says a *Sketch* representative) must still be sought by a would-be visitor in one of the most orthodox and conventional districts of modern London. But there is nothing Belgravian about the vast black-and-orange studio which saw the inception of the *Yellow Book*, and your host would seem to be rather within hail of Paris than Pimlico as he sits with a half-open volume of Balzac in front of him, while a freshly cut copy of de Goncourt's "Manette Salomon" is in quaint, fresh contrast to an exquisitely bound *exemplaire* of "Le Pédant Joué," from which, it will be remembered, Molière borrowed, or rather, annexed, one of his most famous scenes.



AUBREY BEARDSLEY.
Ætæ 11½ years.

But, in answer to a question, Mr. Beardsley quickly declares his amity with London, shown to a certain extent by the fact that he cannot work in the country. "I need hardly tell you," he continues, bending forward his slight figure and keen, clearly cut face, "I need hardly tell you that I abhor those people who draw the old Elizabethan buildings in Holborn and call the result London! Horrible, indeed, is the so-called picturesque. My ideal London is the sunny side of Belgrave Square on a spring morning, or any one of the mean streets of Pimlico. The finest of our modern buildings," he adds dreamily, "is the Brompton Oratory, a true product of the town. It is the only place in London where you can go on a



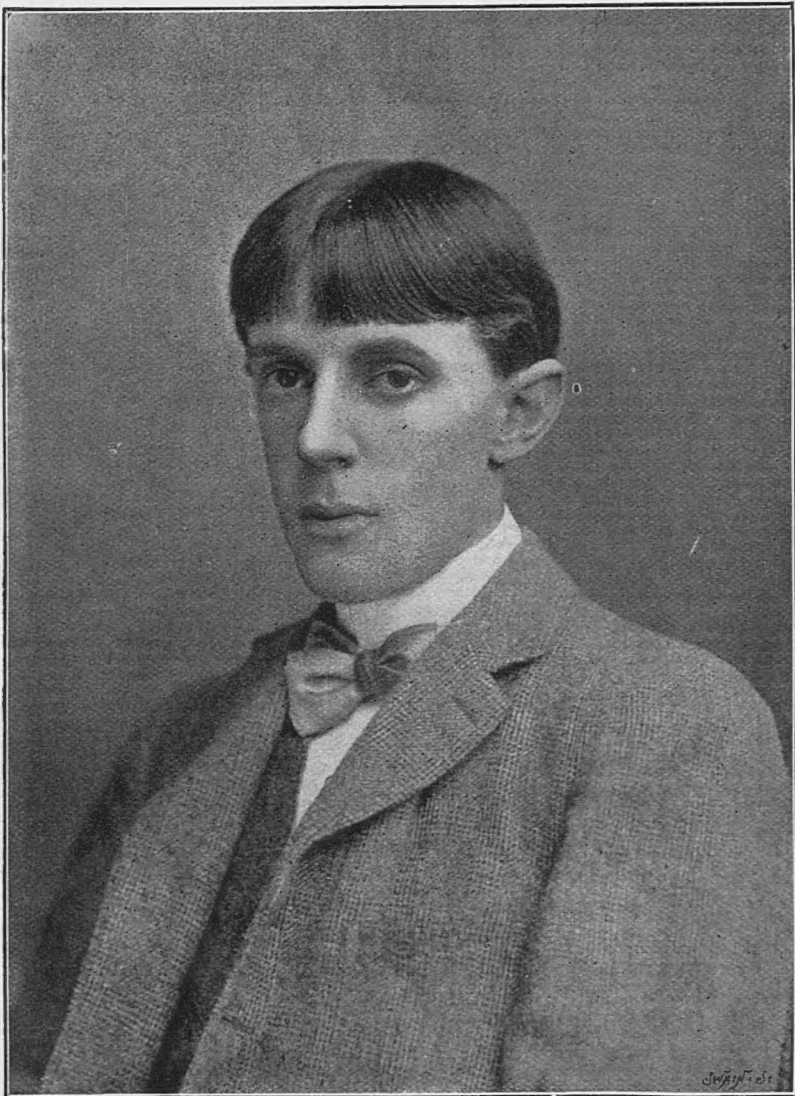
Sunday afternoon and quite forget it's Sunday. As for me, I can never understand why people should seek Egypt in search of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, when they can visit Euston Station and survey the wonders of the Stone Arch."

"And may I ask, Mr. Beardsley, if you consider that the poster, as understood to-day, adds to the gaiety of London?"

"Certainly. Beauty has now laid siege to the City, and telegraph-wires are no longer the sole joy of our æsthetic perceptions. What would Paris be without her Chéret, her Lautrec, her Willette? Of course, the public finds it hard to take seriously a poor printed thing left to the mercy of sunshine, soot, or shower; still, the artist finds the bill-sticker no bad substitute for a hanging committee, and a poster affords much scope, both as regards colouring and design."

"And yet I fancy I have heard it said that you do not style yourself a colourist?"

"No, I have no great care for colour, and never use it except when engaged on poster work, but I admit that, as regards the art of the hoarding, colour is essential; I myself only use flat tints, and work as if I were colouring a map, the effect aimed at being that produced on a



MR. AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Japanese print. But," he observes, smiling, "I have as yet only produced three posters. I prefer to draw everything in little, though just now I am working at a design which will be, when completed, twelve feet high!"

"I suppose you prefer illustration to poster-work?"

"No, indeed; so little is that the case, that, however much I may admire a piece of literary work, the moment I am about to illustrate it I am seized with an instinctive loathing to the cause of my woe, even if it be of my own seeking."

"You are, I believe, engaged on a *fin-de-siècle* version of 'Venus and Tannhäuser'?"

"Yes; it will be a rococo rendering of the old legend. The ending will be slightly altered, but it will in no wise resemble Wagner's bastard version."

"If I may touch upon a delicate subject, Mr. Beardsley, in what spirit do you receive the criticisms lavished upon each of your works?"

"I suffer my critics gladly," he replies, a touch of hardness coming over his mobile face; "their inconsistencies and futile hypocrisies fill me with amusement. The British public, or rather, those who make their laws in the Press or on the platform, will forgive anything to a French artist, nothing to his English comrade. Thus, they go into raptures over a most brutally realistic, though admirable, work by Lautrec, and hide their faces before more innocent art contributions to the *Yellow Book*. They alone have discovered the Unmentionable. The critic desires to produce not criticism, but copy, and abuse trips glibly off his pen. I can give you," he continues slowly, triumph creeping into his even tones, "one or two curious instances of what I mean. 'The Mysterious Rose Garden,' a design which seems to have produced a peculiar feeling

of revolt and horror among the art gentlemen of the Press, was, in reality, the first of a series of Biblical illustrations, and represents nothing more or less than the Annunciation. In the previous number of the *Yellow Book* I produced two of my drawings, the one a Head of Mantegna, signed 'Philip Broughton'; the other, a pastel, I attributed to 'Albert Foschter.' All the critics fell into the trap, especially he of the *St. James's Gazette*, who, after devoting a few lines of contemptuous abuse to me and my work, highly commended the work of 'Philip Broughton!'

"I sympathise heartily," he adds, "with those who object to the stupid and offensive stuff with which certain novelists have lately flooded the world; still, those little people should be tolerated in order to give elbow-room to the great. Surely the true artist should be given every liberty of expression?"

"Talking of the liberty of the subject, Mr. Beardsley, do you make much use of models?"

"In the ordinary sense of the word, no; but each time I go into a crowded room, or walk down a street, there is imprinted on my mind and

the Elgin marbles. It is all nonsense to pretend a thorough understanding of Greek art, fine as is its severity and repose, for no one knows how a Greek looked at these things, or, indeed, how they were produced; and I must confess that I feel the same as regards a Greek drama. Congreve's plays and those of Dumas *filis* appeal far more vividly to my imagination than do those which were acted before Pericles."

"And does 'Venus and Tannhäuser' bound your horizon, or are you engaged on other high emprise?"

"Well, I'm at work upon a modern novel and a set of illustrations to the Book of Leviticus, which suits me admirably; and then—well——"

I CANNA DECIDE.

But yester-eye
I was in love,
In love with Sally King;
And happy as well,
For how could I tell
What to-day would bring?
But oh! this morn
Sweet Sally came
To the makin' of the hay,
And brought a friend
This heart to rend,
A friend called—Susie Rae.
O Susie, dear!
I sadly fear
You've got my heart in thrall;
How can I be choosin'
'Twixt Sally and Susan?
I canna decide at all!
No!
I canna decide at all, at all,
I canna decide at all,
Which to mak' my bride
I canna decide,
I canna decide at all!

My Sal is true,
For her eyes are blue,
Her friend's are black as jet;
But oh! they dart
Right thro' your heart
In a manner ye canna forget.
My Sal's sedate,
And walks in state,
Every inch a queen!
But Sue's so cosy,
Chubby and rosy,
And—she's but sixteen.
A gipsy wee,
In truth is she,
But a bit of a flirt, I'm told;
While Sally's fair,
Wi' golden hair,
And I'm *verra* fond o' gold!
Oh!
I canna decide at all, at all,
I canna decide at all—
'Twixt Sal and Sue,
What *can* I do?
I canna decide at all!

I'd like to woo
And wed the two,
I canna see the harm;
But the priest would squeal
If he saw me kneel
Wi' a bride on either arm.
And maybe Sue,
And Sally too,
Would both object to that;
And should they tear
Each other's hair,
They'd rumple my cravat!
So there's but one
Thing to be done,
Lest 'twixt two stools I fall.
I've made up my mind,
I'm quite resigned,
I will not wed at all—
No!
I'll marry no wife at all, at all,
I'll marry no wife at all!
It's better to be
A bachelor free
And marry no wife at all!—MARK AMBIENT.



memory a gallery of sitters. Of course, women lend themselves more than men to pictorial art: modern feminine dress, especially when it comes from Paris, is too lovely for words. And yet the English sadly lack style, and lack it as much in clothes as in literature and art. Set a Londoner down in front of a couple of French ladies, each beautified by the little tuft of white hair now so much worn abroad, and he will," cries Mr. Beardsley with a glow of indignation, "roar with laughter! It takes a long time for us to adopt a foreign fashion."

"I suppose you greatly lament the modern man's lack of lovely apparel?"

"On the contrary," is the unexpected answer, "I consider the average well-dressed Piccadilly lounge as beautiful a sight as you will see anywhere, and full of artistic correctness. He should be a far more enchanting sight to the modern artist's eye than, for example, one of

SMALL TALK.

The exact date of the Queen's return to England will not be settled until after her Majesty's arrival at Darmstadt, but she will probably reach Windsor Castle on Saturday evening, May 4. The Queen is to travel direct from Darmstadt to Flushing, starting late at night, and arriving next morning at the Dutch port, where the royal yacht Victoria and Albert will be waiting to embark her Majesty for Port Victoria, whence she will proceed direct to Windsor. The royal yacht will be escorted across the North Sea by the Trinity yacht and a couple of cruisers. The whole journey from Darmstadt will be completed in about nineteen hours.

Although the Queen's visit to Darmstadt is to be strictly private, and peremptory orders have been issued prohibiting any special Court functions or military displays, great preparations are being made for her Majesty's reception. A suite of apartments in the Neue Schloss has been entirely redecorated and refurnished, and a lift has been fitted up for her use.

The Queen's stay at Nice has caused the greatest excitement there not only among the English visitors—that was a matter of course—but equally among the inhabitants; and the desire to have a good look at "La Reine d'Angleterre" has, apparently, been the one ambition of the French resident. Everywhere her Majesty has been received with the most profound respect, and it must be a matter of considerable gratification to the Queen that even in "Republican France" the example of a long reign devoted to the best interests of her people and her country has won the just admiration of all classes.

Since the arrival of the Queen at Nice, the telegraph wires have been fully engaged with the numberless royal messages, and the telegraph clerks along the route must have had a busy time of it, as the bulk of the telegrams are in cipher, and some are of considerable length. Between private and official "wires," the ordinary work of the telegraph companies can stand but a sorry chance of being forwarded with "the utmost despatch."

The Prince of Wales is going to Newmarket next week for the Craven Meeting, and will stay at his rooms at the Jockey Club. The Duke of Cambridge is also expected there for the races.

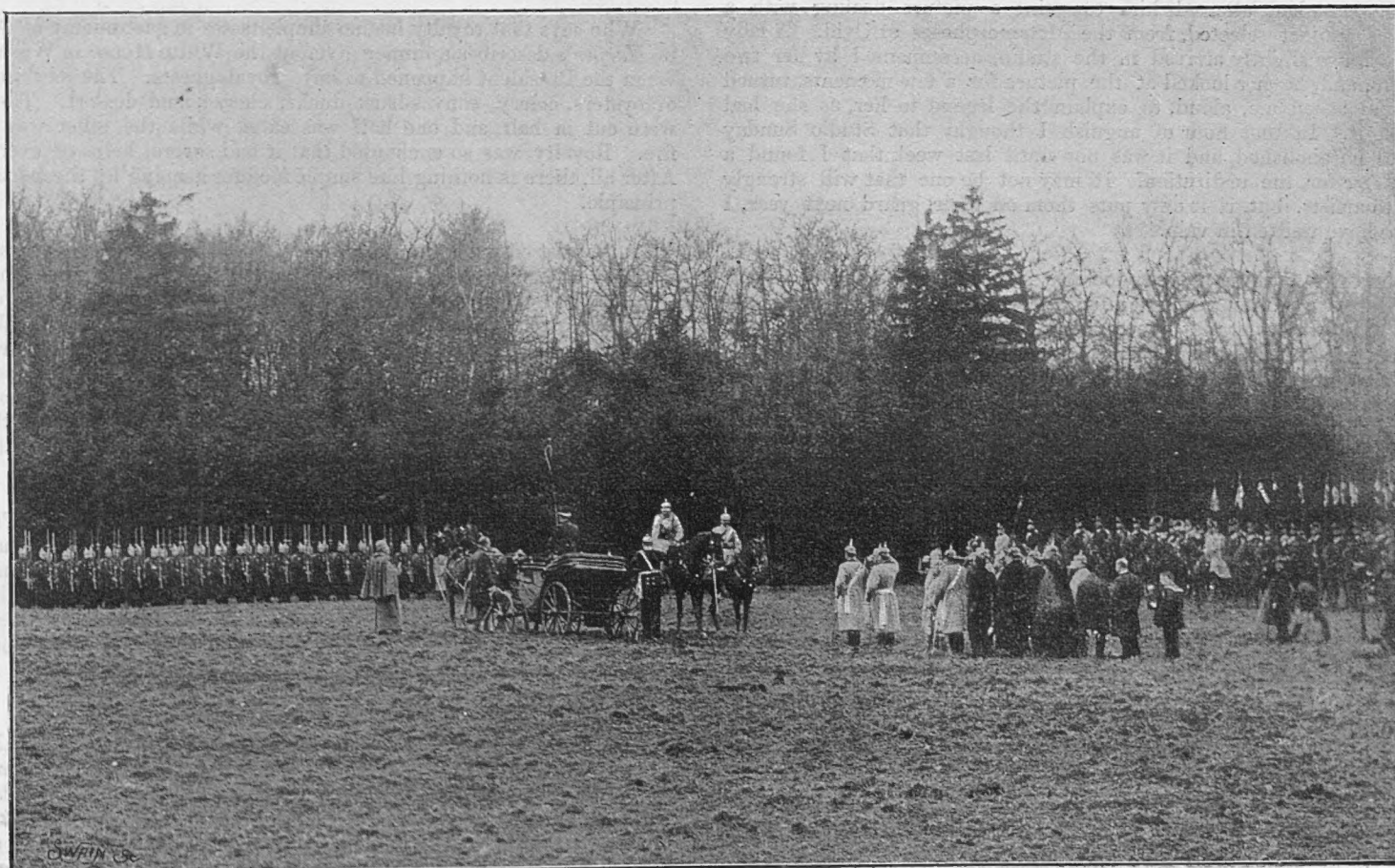
The Duke and Duchess of Coburg are to arrive at Clarence House early next month, and they will remain in London until the end of June, and will probably stay with Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge for Ascot race week. The statement in a contemporary that the Duke and Duchess would represent her Majesty at the Duke of Aosta's wedding is quite incorrect; being reigning sovereigns, they could not, of course, "represent" anybody but themselves. The Duke of Coburg is to spend the month of July at Kissingen, where he will take a course of the waters.

The meeting of the Emperor William and Bismarck at Friedrichsruh on the 26th ult. was a deeply interesting occasion, all the more so that the young Crown Prince had been brought to see the great ex-Chancellor. The Emperor presented the old man with a magnificent sword, sheathed in gold, "the noblest weapon of the Germanians," a symbol, he declared, in his best style, "of that great building-time during which the mortar was blood and iron, a remedy which never fails, and which in the hands of kings and princes will, in case of need, also preserve unity in the interior of the Fatherland, even as when applied outside the country it led to internal union." The Crown Prince was the bearer of a tribute, in the shape of a magnificent basket of La France roses, "from Mamma." At the luncheon which followed, the Emperor made a further gift, a gold seal from the writing-table of the old Emperor.

Princess Hélène's engagement to the Duke of Aosta has been warmly approved by her Majesty, who is much attached to this pretty "French cousin," and holds her *fiancé* in deep esteem as well. On Princess Hélène's marriage the rank of Dowager Duchess will be assumed by Princess Letitia Bonaparte, who was both niece and wife of the late Duke of Aosta, and is also the daughter of another claimant to the French crown, curiously enough. No greater contrast could be imagined than is shown in the physical and mental qualities of both ladies. Princess Letitia is dark, stately, and inclined to the advanced code of ethics, which includes her sex's emancipation in its creed; while Princess Hélène, fair, blue-eyed, sweet of face and soft of manner, has grown up to the old beliefs of womanliness in woman which have been so carefully instilled by a charming mother. Princess Hélène's sister, now Queen of Portugal, much resembles her in appearance and manner.

Lent is nearly over, and our state of social coma as well, one hopes. Rarely have the forty days gone by so soberly. Lady Stanhope's three big evenings in Grosvenor Place were the only political parties of the Conservative side, and the Premier's ill-health did not add to the gaiety of the other. Sir Matthew White Ridley's pretty daughter was much admired at Lady Stanhope's last gathering, and Lady Helen Stewart, who, in her mother's absence, went under Miss Myers' wing, was quite a central attraction in her way, this being one of her first large London parties. Mrs. Ronalds wore hyacinth brocade—a frock to sigh for!—and Miss Lena D'Arcy, looking very nice in blue, came under the able auspices of Miss Meresia Nevill.

Steeplechasing, of all other forms of turf delight, obtains most with women. I suppose it is the added element of risk which attracts, just as in the hunting-time a fox seems merely pretty sport if one has "grown up" to a stag-hound country. Then, too, flat-racing is always a secondary consideration to gown and bonnet, while a steeplechase makes one absolutely unconscious even of how one's skirt sets. Hawthorn Hill, where the Household Brigade will figure forth to-morrow and on Friday, almost promises, therefore, to be a smarter occasion than Newmarket, though many others besides the merely sporting have affected it of late.



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM MEETING BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STRUMPER AND CO., HAMBURG.

The few fine days we have so far enjoyed have had a very beneficial effect upon business in the country. Last week I took a day off, and tramped through some half-a-dozen Kentish villages. At each hostelry I favoured, and I am naturally industrious, I found evident signs of reviving custom. The inevitable bar-loungers, who seem to stand in the same place with a mug of beer before them from year to year, were reinforced by pedestrians, equestrians, bicyclists, and other thirsty people. Sitting-rooms, ornamented with stuffed birds and fishes, fox-brushes, and other trophies of sport, had been aroused from their wintry seclusion, and dusted for the reception of visitors. In one pretty little village, which holds the country house of one of our great statesmen, the local magnates were assembled in the bar-parlour to receive a deputation from a neighbouring and rival village that had come to discuss the July cricket match, an event of great importance. Being slightly known to certain representatives of either place, I was permitted to be present during the discussion. How they ever arrived at any definite conclusion it is hard to say. Every person talked and nobody listened; anecdotes concerning the prowess of past cricketers were at a discount, yet in the end the preliminaries were amicably settled, and Jupiter Pluvius alone will be able to spoil a good match.

Ardent cricketers and disciples of Frederick Gale, surely the most delightful writer about England's national game, may yet find in parts of the Southern counties something of the old-time spirit that the "Old Buffer" has so charmingly described. Agricultural depression has nearly destroyed the village cricket-club, and many of the good men and true who once were famous for their deeds with the willow have gone in for Socialism and Sunday papers. Moreover, your village cricket-club is essentially a Conservative institution supported for the most part by small landowners. It has faults, and they are sometimes grave ones, but, on the whole, its tendency is healthy. The tedium of country life is greater nowadays than formerly, because the facilities of railway-travelling places some large town within the reach of everyone. Years ago, when the stage coach was the cheapest and fastest method of conveyance, villagers did not think of leaving their native place. The man who went to London or Manchester at once achieved a reputation. Nevertheless, I could name some small country clubs in Kent, Surrey, and Hampshire where the game is followed with an enthusiasm which could not, I think, have ever been greater, where men still scorn pads and stand up behind the sticks with ungloved hands, where boundaries are few and far between, and a batsman who invariably stopped balls with his legs would not be allowed to remain in the club.

Show Sunday has come and gone, leaving the recollection of some amusing incidents. Being an ardent admirer of amateur art-criticism, I make a rule of looking in at some half-a-dozen crowded studios, and listening to the enthusiasts of the feminine gender. They are delightful! You can see them come in hurriedly, and fight their way to the artist, and then the "How lovely!" series of remarks takes its turn. If the picture be one dealing with a classical subject, and visitors do not quite catch the name, their efforts to appear conversant with the legend illustrated are more than ludicrous. I was once in the studio of an artist whose courage had allowed him to paint a picture dealing with a dangerous subject selected from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. A lady whom I know slightly arrived in the studio, accompanied by her two daughters, and, having looked at the picture for a few moments, turned round, and asked me, aloud, to explain the legend to her, as she had forgotten it. In that hour of anguish I thought that Studio Sunday ought to be abolished, and it was not until last week that I found a *raison d'être* for the institution. It may not be one that will strongly appeal to artists, but, if it only puts them on their guard next year, I shall not have written in vain.

In the early morning a seedy-looking individual called at the studio of a well-known painter and asked for admission, as he represented "the Press." He was told that the artist was at work and could not be disturbed, but that the studio would be open in the afternoon. He said he could not possibly come then, and went away. About four o'clock in the afternoon, when the place was full of visitors, he presented himself again, with a note-book and a pencil, and, going up to the picture, started scribbling away at a very impressive rate. Then he disappeared from ken, but was soon discovered in a remote corner of the refreshment-room, apparently making up for forty days' fast. He was asked to name the paper he represented, but ignored the question and continued to eat with appetite and affability. It was then suggested that he should withdraw, but he became deaf, his hearing having apparently gone to the assistance of his appetite. Not until the artist manifested serious annoyance did this pseudo-representative of "the Press" pack up his note-book and depart, to seek fresh studios and refreshments new. Probably, Studio Sunday is an event in this young man's life. Possibly, he fasts for the three preceding days, buys a note-book and a pencil on the proceeds of the economy thus effected, and descends ravenously upon the artistic fold. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good. His rapacity has served me for a paragraph.

I am not envious of elderly gentlemen who go to the Levée in absurd costumes, but, really, they might pay more regard to the fitness of things. In St. James's Street the other afternoon I met a worthy citizen arrayed in a cocked-hat and a sword, stumping along with a game leg, and a blaneless beard floating in the wind. In his ordinary attire I have no doubt that he bears himself in every way as becomes a man of

character, but the cocked-hat and the sword were quite incongruous with his eminently pacific and studiously mercantile aspect. Why should our most respectable civilians deck themselves out as men of war in this way?

There is a gang of American thieves in the Metropolis at present, and certain members of it have been having a good time at my expense. A short time ago, they called while I was out, collected certain articles of *bijouterie* and *vertu*, and went away without leaving their cards. Somewhat aggravated at this lack of courtesy, I called upon a friend of mine, a detective of some merit and more reputation, and requested him to stroll down to my rooms and express an opinion. As we went down Piccadilly, he called my attention to a couple of evil-looking men who were standing at a corner. "They are members of a big gang of thieves," he said. "Then, arrest them at once," I suggested, "and come to me afterwards." "Oh! I can't do that now," said the detective; "they are simply walking about, and not doing anything." I pointed out that, as soon as they had stolen something, they would cease to walk about and that he wouldn't be able to catch them if he tried. But my arguments were wasted. He knew them for thieves, they knew him for a detective, but they did not even suspend their conversation. As a victim of robbery, I felt very indignant.

On arriving at my chambers, the detective discussed my loss at some considerable length, and finally told me not to worry. As far as he could see, I had been the victim of a man of experience, who would know how to dispose of everything he had taken without troubling the pawnshops. As I did not find all the comfort in this statement that he, apparently, expected me to experience, he went on to tell me something of the gangs that infest the West-End of London. I may not publish what he said, but it was a revelation which, if made public, would send patent locks to a premium. On the following afternoon I was going into my rooms at about two o'clock, and met a gentleman coming out whose acquaintance it is not my privilege to enjoy. As we met in the passage, he wished me a good afternoon, and I allowed him to pass, thinking he might be one of the housekeeper's perquisites. I noticed that he seemed in a great hurry as soon as he had passed me, but thought no more of the matter until I went to the cabinet where I keep some very choice and special cigars for my own private smoking. And they were not, for the thief had taken them. When I had sufficiently recovered, I confessed to myself that he was a smart man. The beautifully decorated box in which I keep cigars for visitors he had left severely alone. Had he taken them and smoked two or three, I should have discovered him ere now.

Does anybody read "The Battle of Dorking" now? It made a tremendous stir some twenty years ago, and it has been imitated ever since by writers who do not possess Sir George Chesney's military knowledge. Compare his brochure with the absurd melodrama, stuffed with penny horrors, called "The Great War of 1897." "The Battle of Dorking" made a real impression on the public mind, because it presented, with great skill and moderation, a real contingency, and it has certainly borne fruit in naval if not in military reforms.

Who says that royalty has no simple tastes in gastronomy? A writer in *Harper's* describes a dinner given at the White House in Washington, when the President happened to have royal guests. The meal consisted of oysters, celery, canvas-back ducks, cheese, and dessert. The ducks were cut in half, and one half was eaten while the other was on the fire. Royalty was so enchanted that it had several helps of everything. After all, there is nothing like simple food for keeping up the monarchical principle.

A Baptist congregation in Lancashire has been disturbed because the minister objected to ladies in the choir who figured on the evenings of week-days as chorus-girls in professional attire. He called the deacons into solemn conclave, and, to his amazement, they declared that they saw no harm in the professional attire, nor any incongruity between the chorus and the choir. This breadth of mind staggered the minister so much that he resigned his pastorate. It staggers me, too, though I hasten to congratulate those deacons on their most refreshing conception of diaconal charity. And I am anxious to learn that they have found a pastor who agrees with them.

A curious reason has been adduced for President Cleveland's great partiality for cribbage, which he plays every evening. It seems that, after an operation for an affection of the jaw, the President was warned that he must, for his future health's sake, avoid all worry out of business hours. Taking this salutary advice, Mr. Cleveland plunged with zest into the absorbing yet harmless game of cribbage. He is fortunate in being able to amuse himself with this innocent pastime; other rulers are not thus favoured.

Art has conquered Whitechapel, for the Fifteenth Annual Exhibition was opened last week. It will be open to the public at 6 p.m., and will remain open every day from 10 to 10, Sundays included, the last day being Sunday, April 21. Special features of this year's exhibition are a Munkacsy, which has seldom, if ever, been exhibited in this country before, and Rossetti's "Mariana." There are also pictures by Leighton, Corot, Millais, Alma-Tadema, Watts, Herkomer, and other distinguished artists. As usual, no charge whatever is made for admission. The exhibition last year was visited by 72,278 persons.

The House of Commons would miss Mr. Labouchere probably more than half the Cabinet Ministers and ex-Cabinet Ministers put together. He has what Mr. Disraeli called the "gay wisdom" of a man of the world.



"LABBY."

He is much more sympathetic than he likes you to think, and has far less contempt for existing institutions than he wants you to believe. For Mr. Labouchere, with all his attempts to play the cynic, is really one of the few men who are perfectly at home in any society, high or low. He is not merely a genial gossip who understood that, after all, "it is the personal that interests us," and accordingly started *Truth*; he is a man with plenty of ideas who would make a first-rate administrator. The House of Commons, which dearly loves a laugh, prefers to take him as a jester, but Northampton knows its senior member too well by this time to disregard his claim to be regarded as a serious politician. Mr. Labouchere is sixty-three years of age; he married Miss Hodson, the actress, lives in a delightful house not three minutes' walk from the House of Commons, and has, besides, Pope's Villa at Twickenham. He has friends with all politics and creeds, and some friends with none; an inexhaustible stock of anecdotes is one of his "properties," as popular as his cigarette-case.

An amusing story of a certain Socialist demagogue came to me, the other day, from the provinces. This individual had been engaged to come from the East-End to deliver a lecture. The evening arrived, so did the Socialist, and the chair was taken by a pompous and wordy local magnate of advanced Radical views. This gentleman opened the meeting, and flowed on for about an hour, touching on all the points on which the Londoner was to address the meeting. At length he stopped, and, beaming on his audience, announced that "Mr. Dash would now give his address." Up jumped Mr. Dash, who for long had fumed and fidgeted with ill-controlled impatience. "Friends," he said to the expectant crowd, "friends, my address is Whitechapel, and I wish you all a very good night"; and he departed in high dudgeon and a local "fly" to catch the up-train.

If man didn't come from the monkey, one might be pardoned for supposing that the potato here reproduced had a simian origin, for it looks for all the world like a very ugly baboon. Potatoes like to assume the most curious shapes.



A QUEER POTATO.

informed and obliging assistants at Mudie's a Saturday afternoon "off," which they may devote to the varied delights of cricketing, walking, boating, or even of cycling ("made for two," perhaps).

It is not generally known that Mr. Oscar Wilde's letter, advising Lord Alfred Douglas to visit Salisbury Cathedral, and cool his hands in the "grey twilight of Gothic things," was so much admired by Pierre Loti that he turned it into a sonnet.

It does not follow that because an unfortunate lady named Ebbsmith committed suicide after buying tickets for the Garrick, her relatives are entitled to demand that the name shall not be used upon the stage. Mr. Hare scoffs at such a suggestion, and very properly. It seems that a real Mrs. Tanqueray objected to the dramatic publicity of her name, and that a gentleman named Ralston once complained about "Jim the Penman." But there is no redress for these coincidences. Unless it can be shown that a dramatist has borrowed the lives of real people as well as their names, he may christen his characters as he pleases.

Madame Ada Patterson, the well-known soprano, is a native of Plymouth. She received her early musical education from Mr. Samuel Weekes, the leading musical professor there. After singing with much success as an amateur, she decided to join the ranks of the profession, and with that view came to town, and entered the Royal Academy of



MADAME ADA PATTERSON.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Music, where she studied for some years under Signor Manuel Garcia. After gaining all possible honours at the Academy, she appeared at most of the leading concerts in London and the provinces, especially at the Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace, where she has been engaged for the last three years. Madame Patterson is the possessor of an exceptionally high and pure soprano voice, and her singing is marked by much refinement and charm, qualities which render her in great demand as a teacher of the vocal art.

Mr. Irving is in search of a Rosinante for *Don Quixote*. The astute Mr. Arnott, the property-master at the Lyceum, thought he knew the very animal. It was a battered old grey that had seen much service—just the beast to inspire *Don Quixote* with the belief that it was a fiery thoroughbred. So Mr. Arnott betook himself to the owner, and said, "We want that old grey of yours. Send him along to the theatre, and name your own price." "Don't you wish you may get him?" was the reply. "Why, I was fined five pounds for driving him last week." The property-master rushed off to the slaughter-house, with a faint hope that he might still be in time. "'Osses that comes'ere don't never come out again," said the oracle of the slaughter-house sententiously. Indeed, over the door of that Inferno ought to be written, "Leave oats behind, all ye who enter here." But, suppose this Rosinante had been saved for the Lyceum, and suppose *Don Quixote* had been summoned for riding him! The imagination quails before such a grisly idea.

Among the merry maidens whom Mr. Arthur Roberts has secured for his theatre is Miss Ellas Dee. A native of Cork, she is a typical Irish girl, with her fair hair and merry blue eyes. She has had a longing for a stage career ever since she can first remember, and came to London last summer with the intention of trying her fortune. An introduction to



MISS ELLAS DEE.

Photo by Frank Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

Mr. Lowenfeld secured for her a start in "Claude Duval." Besides being a hard worker, Miss Dee is a very quick study, and when, owing to the sudden illness of Miss Violet Robinson and her understudy, she was called upon at an hour's notice to play the part of Marjorie, she made such a hit that she was at once engaged for the new opera. She is now playing the part of Ada Pilkington-Jones in "Gentleman Joe," besides understudying Miss Kitty Loftus. Miss "£ s. d." has a sister, Miss Attie Chester, in the Prince of Wales's company.

With his mind set upon New York management and a course of "G. B. S. drama," Richard Mansfield has been behaving more independently even than usual to his provincial patrons. After a death scene, the other night, at St. Louis, he was a long time in-taking a call, and, when at last he did appear before the curtain, he treated his audience to a very cavalier sort of speech. For instance, he observed, "The size of this audience, which is not up to that of a one-night stand in Texas, argues that I am not appreciated in St. Louis. I am not a hypocrite, and will say bluntly that I return the want of appreciation with interest." This extraordinary address was followed by a storm of indignation, and it will be a long while before St. Louis sees Richard Mansfield again. He may adduce heredity as some kind of excuse, for his mother was Madame Rudersdorff, an operatic *prima donna* famous in her day, and the vagaries of such people are readily pardoned.

I was speaking to a friend about my old grievance—that is, the inconsiderate manner in which one or two people in a railway carriage will disturb all the others with loud and uninteresting conversation. Said the friend, "Suggest a reasonable remedy," and I thought it over. Having found one, I concealed it, for my friend is also an "ink-stained wretch," but he may read it herein. There should be a larger variety of compartments; in addition to "smoking," there should at least be "reading" and "talking" carriages. No large-sized, over-dressed, under-bred females, who can only talk of domestic servants and their iniquities, should be admitted into a "reading" carriage. If the idea succeeded, it would bear expansion, and the "talking" carriages might be subdivided into political, sporting, and domestic compartments. In this way a man would be able to choose his travelling-companions. This is yet another of my numerous efforts to improve the general condition of my fellow-creatures. Nevertheless, no statesman rewards me with a pension, and I remain writing for my living. I am almost tempted to forswear philanthropy, but the downtrodden condition of the poor male sex is so pitiable that I feel bound to bring my battalion of suggestions to the aid of my fellow-men.

If the future historian of our latter-day literature ever comes across the two booklets, in sombre grey covers, entitled "Songs for Cecilia," by Justin Huntly McCarthy, and "First Verses by Cissy Loftus," daintily printed by the Lotus Press, of New York, he might be excused for hazarding the supposition that Courts of Love were not unknown in the nineteenth century. There are twenty-seven "Songs for Cecilia," covering the period Oct. 29, 1893—Feb. 27, 1895, setting forth in many forms of verse, from the tricky triolet to the stately sonnet, the courtship of Mr. McCarthy. In the first poem, "A Vision of Arcady," printed in full elsewhere in this number, he first saw the "girl with the grace of Spring" who, on Aug. 29, 1894, became his wife. Most of the verses were written in the early part of 1894, five of them being dated May. Three were written in June, and three in July. Then, silence until last February. Cecilia's muse, on the other hand, is purely objective. She jingles, with no little skill, of the objects around her—from her kitten to her father-in-law. It is curious to find the leader of the Irish Party described as the "jolliest property ever you saw." As one of the hundred recipients of these little books, I am not a little proud, and I feel compelled to return thanks after the manner of the donors—

TO JUSTIN.

They tell us King Romance is dead!
Who dares to say so surely lies,
For, while the stars shine overhead,
The god of Love will brighten eyes
As when his banner first was furled
Athwart the lispings, infant world.
I've never struck this strain before,
And yet the spirit of your lays
To her who charmed us once of yore,
When London echoed with her praise,
Compels me to be less demure
Than is my wont, my troubadour.
'Tis true you sing to no guitar
(As did the bards in days of old)
In hymning her—(to all a "star,"
To you a sun of burning gold);
And yet I feel that you must be
A singer fresh from Arcadie.

TO CECILIA.

And now, Mrs. Cissy, I beg you accept
My thanks in a rhyme like your own;
We little foresaw you would grow an adept
In turning a rhyme and a song, when you stept
To the footlights. How could we have known?
You sing about roses and blushing milkmaids,
Of Boffin, your kitten, a queer little elf;
You rhyme to a dancer in laces and frill,
Again to a singer whose warbles can thrill.
But why don't you tell us concerning yourself?
I only can hope, when you charm us again,
At Gaiety, Palace, or "Tiv.,"
You'll sing us a song from your own little pen,
Although it be tiny and simple. Till then—
Good luck to you! Long may you live!



MISS ATTIE CHESTER.

Photo by Frank Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS GUINEVERE (ACT I).—BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

"Ah me, if Lancelot knew! how he would spurn me! But he shall not know!"

Reproduced from the "Souvenir of 'King Arthur.'"

The souvenirs of the plays produced by Mr. Irving at the Lyceum are slowly mounting up into a wonderfully interesting section of the theatrical history of our time. "King Arthur" appears in two forms. The souvenir proper, illustrated by Mr. Bernard Partridge and Mr. Hawes Craven, is published by Cassell, while the "Book of Words" is issued by Macmillan. Mr. Partridge, devoting himself to figure-studies of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, has produced work as good as anything he has done in this way, while Mr. Craven's sketches of the scenes give as minute an idea as black-and-white can give of the exquisite scenery he has painted for the play.

If there is one town that would fight with tooth and nail against

the passing of the Government's Liquor Bill, that town is, I should say, the ancient town of Deal, where I have been for some days trying to blow away the effects of the influenza. Not that I would for a moment imply that the inhabitants of Deal are accustomed to imbibe too freely; indeed, I never saw man, woman, or child during my visit whose legs refused to do their proper office. I only infer this opposition from the extraordinary number of hotels and public-houses which the little town supports. I think in Deal proper (which does not include Upper and Middle Deal or Walmer) I counted more than seventy places where liquid refreshment in the shape of intoxicants were sold, and of these nearly thirty were situated in one street, Beach Street, to wit. Here they seem to crop up at every few yards, and now and then two or three all together. The various names argue a fine imagination on the part of the Deal publicans—the Deal Lugger, Deal Cutter, Deal Hoy, Jolly Sailor, Port Arms, Lord Nelson, Waterman's Arms, Sir Sidney Smith, Napier Tavern, Yarmouth Packet, Pier Hotel, the Lifeboat, the Providence, the North Star, the Ship, the Hope, the Friendly Port, the Magnet, the Anchor, and the Noah's Ark, are a tribute to the seafaring nature of the inhabitants; and, in addition, there are the usual number of Heads and Arms, and of animals, doubtless selected from that same Noah's Ark.

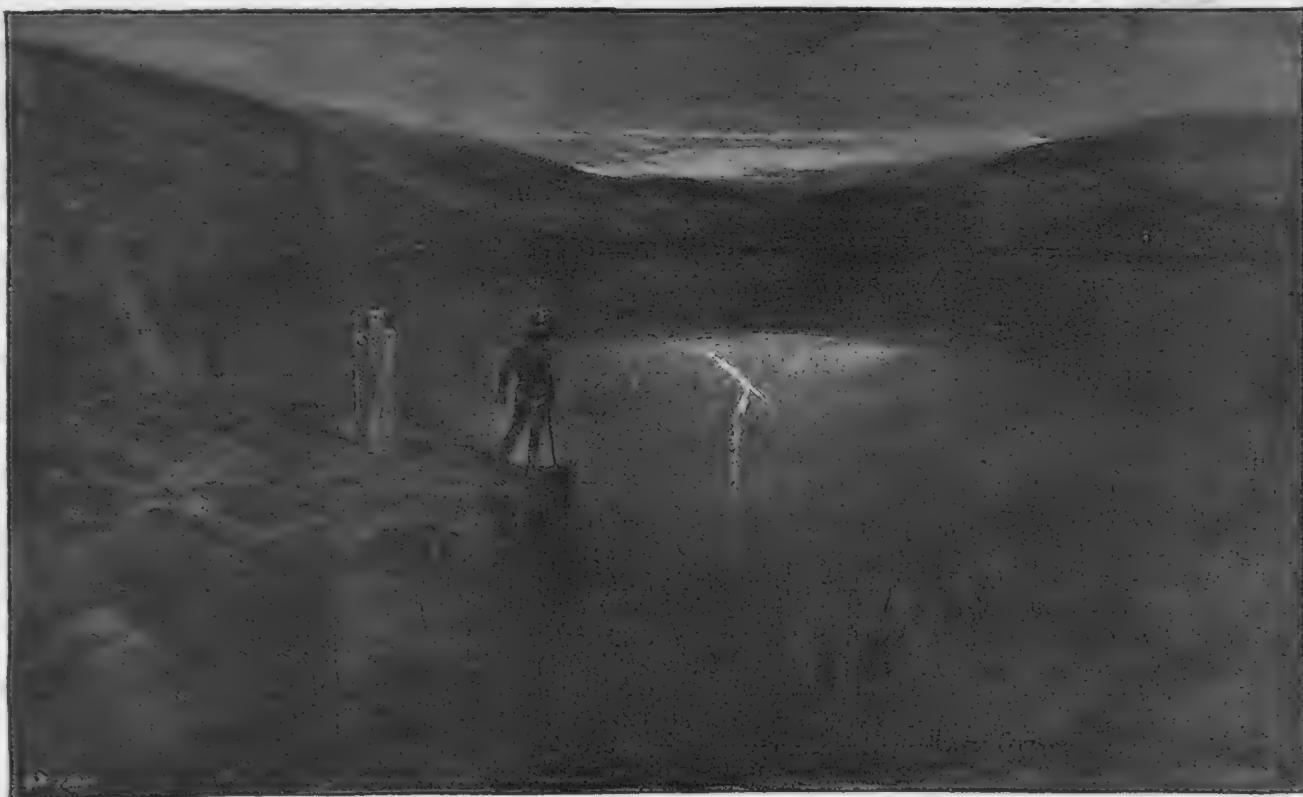
Walmer Castle, which is one of the sights of this part of the country, was built in 1539, but, on its becoming the official home of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, it was greatly altered, and to it was added a dwelling-house, hardly in accordance with its defensive and martial appearance. The two most famous Lord Wardens whose names are historically connected with Walmer were, doubtless, William Pitt and the great Duke of Wellington. It was of the former that witty Dr. Warton, "Peter Pindar," wrote—

Come the Consul whenever he will,
And he means it when Neptune is calmer,
Pitt will send him a little pill
From his fortress, the Castle of Walmer.

A description of the bed-room occupied by the "Iron Duke," written at the time he was actually Warden, may be interesting to readers of to-day—

Without ornament, and plainly and scantily furnished, but neat, accurate, and orderly in arrangement, altogether bearing very much the appearance of the room of a military secretary in garrison. On the right, an ordinary iron camp bedstead with a single horsehair mattress upon it; and thereon, whatever be the season, without curtains or any paraphernalia about it, rests the "Iron Duke" when at Walmer. Over the bedstead is a small collection of books, which is seen, on a rapid glance, to have been collected for use. The best English writers of Anne's "Augustan Age," both in poetry and prose, a few recent histories and biographies, some French memoirs, with military reports, official publications, and Parliamentary papers, form this little library. In the centre of the room is a mahogany table well ink-stained, at which for two or three hours in the day the master of the room takes his place and plies his pen. Near it is a more portable one, so contrived as to be used for reading and writing while in bed. These, with two or three chairs, comprise the contents of the room, and are characteristic of its owner. The window looks upon the sea, and a door opens upon the ramparts, from which a magnificent view is obtained, and on which the Duke never fails to be every morning by six o'clock. On the door is a large printed notice, "Shut this door."

The writer, by the way, apologises for such a *personal* description. What writer would apologise for personal details in this year of grace?



THE MAGIC MERE.—HAWES CRAVEN.

"Great-Pendragon's son, to thee we shall yield Excalibur."

Reproduced from the "Souvenir of 'King Arthur.'"

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I am greatly disturbed about the future of the Socialist novel. The methods of Socialism, and the personal characteristics of Socialists, as they are set forth in "Transition"—a novel written, mind you, not by an outsider, but by one of the elect—will, I think, alarm anybody who desires to hold the Fabian Society in esteem. The ablest organiser of that body figures in this book under the name of Paul Sheridan. He delivers lectures, makes speeches in Hyde Park, drafts Factory Acts, outmanœuvres Anarchists, and is finally elected a Member of Parliament over the heads of Liberal and Tory candidates. I have followed his career from first to last with the hope of finding the real mettle of the man, the key to the personality which has prompted a disciple to write a story about him, and at the end I am in the condition described by Thackeray, after hunting through innumerable waistcoats for the vital essence of George IV.: I see "a leader of modern thought" with "a fine rugged head." He is a bale of Fabian leaflets, through which I worm my way to find more leaflets, and then—nothing!

Now, is this a satisfactory upshot to the admirers of Socialist literature? Perhaps they will tell me that, without a preliminary education in sound economics, it is impossible to appreciate Paul Sheridan. Well, there is a lady in the novel in the same case, and how is she treated by the economic Paul? He informs her that Socialism is the extension of the "communal quality of main drains" to all things. Perhaps this passage is lucid to the initiated. I know what main drains have in common, but Socialism cannot be that. I know that main drains belong to the public, because every man cannot have a private system of drainage all to himself. But how is this an argument for the community of wealth, any more than the equality of classes on the pavement? Paul Sheridan does not explain, and I am left like Cissy Loftus, when she became possessed of a father-in-law, with my mind "all turvetty topperty." It is told of Mr. Gladstone that, when he fell off a ladder in the library at Hawarden, and knocked his head on the parquet floor, the result was that he talked about Hegel at dinner with great animation. But I notice that a collision with Paul Sheridan has a most depressing effect on other characters in "Transition." They are not even fluently abstruse, poor things!

One young woman, despite a natural attraction towards "a fine rugged head," is so distrustful of Paul and main drainage, that she takes up with an Anarchist. He is French, and a very bad man. He wants to blow Society up, whereas Paul wants to go into Parliament and extract nice reforms from unwilling Cabinets. While the wicked Anarchist is plotting dynamite, the good young Fabian is drafting a Factory Act. But the girl is dazzled by the Frenchman's rhetoric, and by the "pleasant glimmer" of his teeth, and she does not perceive the infamy of Anarchy till he asks her to fly with him to Paris. Then she slaps his face, and he revenges himself by sticking a knife into Paul. I have read this sort of thing very often, and do not like it any the better because it is described in "Transition" as a tremendous struggle between "a leader of modern thought" and the Anarchists. When he is stabbed, Paul takes it as a compliment. "I stand to-day," he says, "the biggest foe of Anarchism in England, *because I understand it.*" Do the author's italics take your breath away? And it is because of this effort of a prodigious intellect that he, and not "a lesser man," like the Home Secretary, is singled out for assassination!

There is so much literary ability in the Fabian Society that I grieve to see the cause of sound economics suffer from inartistic zeal. Surely it is not impossible to present "a leader of modern thought" in a novel without making him a mass of ludicrous conceit, and surrounding him with a halo of futile achievement. Even Mrs. Humphry Ward, in "Marcella," contrives to make her agitators at least plausible persons. Her visionary philosopher is more substantial than Paul Sheridan, and the designing Wharton, the villain of the piece, is a triumph of the genius of characterisation compared with the French Anarchist. Nobody can put Honora Kemball, the heroine of "Transition," who ends as a Socialist, beside Marcella, who ends as an individualist, without perceiving that, by contrast, the first is a lifeless image and the other is a real woman. If the Socialists are going to use fiction for their crusade, they must buckle to with a more strenuous capacity. I give this warning in a purely disinterested spirit, with a conviction that the art of novel-writing ought not to be neglected in the social redemption. Let the Fabians look to it.

It is interesting to know that not more than two novels about Joan of Arc are to be launched upon the world this year. Why the subject has been so long untouched by romancers is a mystery. It may be that English writers were shy of a heroine who humbled the national pride that still sustains itself, even in the Prime Minister's speeches, on the memory of Agincourt. In Shakspeare's day, Joan fared very ill at the hands of the patriotic bard, who did not relish the thought that the chivalry of England was totally discomfited by a woman. We saved our self-esteem by burning her as a witch; but the whirligig of time has made this very charge of witchcraft her chief glory in the eyes of Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. Lang believes that Joan was really inspired by "voices"; and in the novel which he has written about her, we may expect to find the genius of romance embraced by the spirit of psychical research. In *Harper's*, an American writer has begun a story supposed to be translated from the memoirs of Joan's page. That chronicler had a remarkable foresight of nineteenth-century idioms, for he talks of a squirrel eating "a rocky fragment of prehistoric cake." This ought to console Mr. Lang for the rivalry of the American Joan.

When I heard that Mr. Stead had written a novel, I made sure that he, too, was drawn towards Joan of Arc by the hand of destiny or "Julia." This idea was based on the assumption that "Julia" would not be jealous—nay, it would need no great mental effort on Mr. Stead's part to convince himself that "Julia" was really Joan summoning him to the supreme task of vindicating her divine inspiration. For this, much as I admire Mr. Lang, I do not think he is so well qualified as Mr. Stead; indeed, were he told that Mr. Stead was about to bring a third Joan into the field, I believe that, with equal magnanimity and discretion, he would retire from the competition. There is no question of this, however, for Mr. Stead's Maid is not of Orleans, but of "modern Babylon." To that theme he has already served a stormy apprenticeship, and I am wondering whether his novel is written in the old crusading manner, or like a recent rhapsody in the *Review of Reviews* about "Margot Tennant." That lady was described as a butterfly flitting from flower to flower, as a law to herself, and with other original and palpitating comparisons. Mr. Stead's romantic style in its most strenuous moments is Papal rather than purple, and in its lighter vein it is suggestive of Ouida dashed with holy water.

But it is Ouida who tells us there are "no butterflies in this fast, furious, and fussy age." There are only "locusts." Society is not to be blamed for luxury. This has been superseded by "over-eating, over-smoking, and the poisoned atmosphere of crowded rooms." Plain living has nothing to do either with high thinking or with beauty. For high thought you need "a soft seat, a fragrant atmosphere, a well-regulated temperature, a delicate dinner." At the present moment my ideas are debased by a gloomy room, a window which affords a close prospect of a blank wall, and by a sound of perpetual sawing. If only I were reclining on a divan, in a marble hall, soothed by rich perfumes and the gentle murmur of a fountain, the readers of this page would be intoxicated by beauty, and translated to the empyrean by philosophy. Yet Ouida, who, I presume, attunes her mind to lovely things with tapestry and porphyry, is strangely discontented. Throughout the volume of "Views and Opinions," from which I would snatch music to drown that horrid saw, there is little but complaint. Society sins not because it is immoral, but because it is too fond of money. Man has no comprehension of true enjoyment, and woman has lost all sense of her native charm. Man cannot travel to Paris without visiting the buffet at Amiens. Woman is inconsolable without the suffrage. And so on for some four hundred pages, till the saw becomes quite melodious by contrast.

Even if I were a misogynist, I should be abashed by Ouida's tirades against her sex. "The female mind is unconsciously unscrupulous; it is seldom very frank or honest, and it would burn down a temple to warm its own pannikin." Women of perfect honesty of intentions will adopt a dishonest course, if they think it will serve an aim or a person they care for, with a headlong and cynical completeness which leaves men far behind it." The mere man who has occasionally, in fear and trembling, said disparaging things about woman feels himself far behind this sweeping onslaught. Timon of Athens might have a reaction of enthusiasm after reading Ouida. For myself, I find a solace in Mr. Bernard Shaw's anticipation that the "actress-manageress" will depose the actor-manager, though, when we have this compound femininity ruling our stage, it may not signify its authority quite in the fashion which appears to Mr. Shaw's prophetic eye. He thinks the "actress-manageress" will yearn for Ibsen. I think she will grieve his soul by playing Juliet, Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind, and other heroines who, in Mr. Shaw's judgment, are "behind the times," and are imposed on actresses by masculine tyranny.

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A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE DEAD MAN LAUGHED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN CARNATION."

The news of his death came upon her as a blow. There could be no doubt of that. She had never anticipated that he would die so soon, while the rose-bushes were all in flower, and the nightingales were awake in the coppice, and the sun had the glow, and the shadows the cool reticence, peculiar to the earlier days of the summer. She had never anticipated that he would die at all while she was alive. It seemed so unlikely. She was such a delicate slip of a snow-white maiden, with the vagueness of the undiscovered country in her great brown eyes, with the trouble of a tragic future in the curving lips of her tremulous, rose-bud mouth. And he had been so strong—so terribly strong. The iron of his great arms might have held up a world, she thought. His voice was the voice of the ruler. In his eyes a threatening command dwelt always. And now he was dead. She had just heard so, and scarcely anyone knew it yet. His mighty frame was stretched out in the room below—the garden-room, where she generally sat at evening; the garden-room to which one sometimes came as evening fell. But she did not think of that immediately. That the world would go on just as usual now all was so changed for her, did not occur to her. The man below had been her husband, and he was dead. She could only think of that at first.

How she had hated him !

He had bought her as the wife he desired. So, surely, he must have once loved her. But he had never shown it. She had feared him terribly that very first day, when they went away together from the church, down the flat, grey road by the almshouses, where the old women stood bobbing in the rain, over the village green haunted by wandering geese, whose feathers were blown the wrong way by the wind that stormy day of their marriage. He must have once desired her. How he had stared at her in the shadow of the shut carriage, while the hoofs of the horses splashed in the puddles of the country road. His eyes never left her. They were slightly bloodshot, and looked excited as they travelled over her face, and his full lips moved under his black moustache. But he said nothing.

How she had hated him !

The morning after their wedding she had tried to escape from him. She slipped out of the great Lord Warden Hotel at Dover in the grey dampness of the dawn when he was sleeping. The sullen sea, which they were to cross presently, roared in her ears, and the sea-gulls cried to her from the foam-flecked pebbles of the steeply curving beach. The hull of a steamer loomed on the ragged horizon, and the rain drove over the shining asphalted ways. Two or three sailors hanging about, with peaked caps drawn down above their wet faces, and hunched shoulders, peered at her as she crept from the hotel, a grain of humanity swept by the whirlwind. How cold it was, and how desolate! In the wind came to her the strangled whistle of an engine, and then she knew she was too late. The train was flashing away as she struggled on against the tempest. She returned to his embrace.

How she had hated him !

And they travelled together. The snow peaks of Switzerland, the green valleys, where the chalets rested on the steep slopes, as if tired, and pausing but for a moment; the blue lakes of Italy; the old, sad cities, with their streets full of the echoes of dead voices: the weary ruins, passively enduring shrill-calling tourists; the vineyards, where life was laughter and was song—she had seen them all with him. She hated them all. Even the flat reaches of the venerable Nile and the rose-gardens of Damascus were loathsome to her. She had watched the flame-blue line of Arabs wind away beneath the flame-blue sky. She had heard the tinkling bells of caravans, and the wild chant of the sailors sweep up from the pallid grey-green mimosa-bushes, and she had only sickened and longed to die. She had only longed to die. And now he lay dead, and she could hear the nightingales beginning to flute. Yet, was she glad?

They had come back to England. People envied her. Women murmured his name as she passed by, murmured it in admiration, while the blood flamed in her cheek at thought that she was his. The great world took her for a while, took her and gave to her only such profound weariness. In the Park,

as her victoria stood against the railings in the hot sun, and the murmur of Society rippled round her beneath the trees, and the queens of Society, and the courtesans who were the unrecognised queens—the sinner *incognita* and the queen *incognita*—passed her by, she sickened again, and thought of the rose-gardens of Damascus and of the flame-blue line of the Arabs, and wondered if the world could give to her nothing, if his shadow must be upon everything, like the shadow of fate brooding black over the pleasure of life. She wondered in a malady of dreaming, and the voices under the trees said she posed, because for a moment she ceased to think of them. Then she drove home as the twilight gathered about the city, and tried to hush it all, in vain. She dreaded the falling of night as children dread the grave.

How she had hated him !

And then a golden thread twined into the web of her tangled young life. One, in the midst of the ignorant and the careless, understood that she was in the prison-house of despair, and stayed awhile outside the grating of her cell to whisper of comfort. The dew fell upon the poor parched flower, and she opened her petals to receive it. But so secretly, always so secretly. Surely no one ever knew. Outside the garden-room in the dusk he came when all was quiet. The jailer was away. He came and came again, and he taught her to see the stars through the grating of her cell, and he told her of the rising of the moon. And, when he came, it seemed to her that the nightingales were always singing.

And now the jailer had gone away for ever. The prison doors were open. She stepped out into the starlight and the moonlight. He lay dead in the room below her. She had not seen him dead; she must go down into that silent place where he lay in silence. She thought only of him. Her small face was very white as she walked softly down the stairs. She saw the merry motes dancing in the cloud of gold-dust that the sun shed obliquely through the leaded lattices of the hall, and she turned her eyes away from them, and wished the sun would go down. With the darkness, her strange constraint of calm might fade away. She longed to feel more natural. She passed through the door very quietly, and closed it behind her, and locked it. He had been laid upon the wide couch where she sat sometimes at eventide alone. A white covering shrouded the great form that her girl's flesh had shuddered at, had shrunk from so often. A ray of dying light glinted where the head was. When she drew back the covering, the ray shone upon the grey, swollen face, into which she gazed for a long while. The upper lip was drawn back from the strong white teeth. The mouth seemed to grin callously. She could fancy that the flown soul of the dead man was laughing somewhere far off, and that the body which, in life, had so often obeyed the spirit, with the weakness of custom still mechanically bowed to its will, still revealed outwardly that which was no longer prisoned within it. Yes, as she looked at the mouth, she felt that the dead man's soul was laughing.

She wondered why, and as she stood wondering, over the smooth shaven lawn, past the sun-dial and the leaping silver of the fountain, one came to the garden-room—the man who understood her, and had striven to comfort her.

He did not know yet. He stole so softly because he believed her husband was living, and not because he knew he was dead.



In the Park, as her victoria stood against the railings in the hot sun.

He stood at the window and whispered her name, and, as he spoke, a rush of joy swelled through her heart. She left the dead face uncovered, and crossed to him.

"Is he gone?" he asked.

"He is gone," she answered. "Kiss me."

He caught her passionately and pressed his lips on hers.

"How I love you!" he murmured. "How I love you!"



"He is gone," she answered. "Kiss me."

As he said the words she turned round from him and looked back into the slowly darkening room.

A strange, horrible fancy seized her.

She thought she heard the dead man laugh.

"When will you give yourself to me?" her lover whispered.

"I have waited so long! Come, leave your prison-house. Let the jailer find the cell-door open when he returns, the prisoner escaped."

She answered him—

"He will never return to find me."

He held her closer against his heart.

"You have resolved to dare all, then; to dare all for my sake?"

A wild triumph shone in her white girl's face, a wild triumph thrilled in her sweet girl's voice, as she replied—

"The prison-house has crumbled to the dust. The prisoner is free."

He strained her yielding body in his arms.

"You mean that you will come, that you will leave him to long for you? You will forsake him? I love you!"

But she shrank from him again and trembled. She looked behind her into that still, shadowy room. The warm blood in her young body seemed to freeze. Surely she heard the dead man laugh again in the gathering darkness!

"You will leave him? You will come?"

"There is no need," she said.

He kept her in his arms. His kisses never left her face. He whispered—

"Why?"

"He is dead."

He loosened his arms from about her. His mouth left hers.

She pointed backward into the room which was now quite dark.

"He is there, lying dead. And you love me and I am free."

She lifted her face to his, and her eyes were full of happy tears. But he looked at her and muttered a curse between his teeth. The

love died from his face and left it hard, and wild with impotent disappointment and despair.

Then he turned away. He turned away and went out into the twilight, across the smooth-shaven lawn, past the sun-dial and the leaping silver of the fountain, and beyond—into the night.

He had been the dead man's lifelong enemy. He had been close upon his revenge, and now the soul he hated had passed beyond his power to hurt. He could never wrong him through all the years. Why should he stay?

She sank down by the window without a cry. She could not understand.

And, in the silence and the close darkness, the dead man laughed.

A VISION OF ARCADY.

This is the first poem in Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's "Songs for Cecilia," and is dated Oct. 29, 1893. It was apparently the first time Mr. McCarthy saw Miss Loftus, whom he married Aug. 29, 1894.

Through a fever of painted faces,
A revel of flesh,
Through flutter of lifted laces
And strident thresh
Of a music, barbarous, loud,
Through a leering, laughing crowd,
Wanders a wonderful thing,
A girl with the grace of Spring.

A beautiful maiden blossom,
A girl like a rose,
As pale as the pale flower's bosom,
As pure as its snows.
Dark are her tresses; her eyes
Candid and blue as the skies;
How from Arcadia beguiled
Wanders this wonderful child?

Her face, with its careless sweetness,
Her ribbon-bound hair,
Her dress with its simple neatness,
Her indolent air,
Calm in that clamorous space,
Seem out of tune, out of place
As if some nymph of the glade
Appeared at a masquerade.

She seems in that throng, she only,
As free as a faun
In the still green forest, as lonely
And cool as the dawn
Breathing on feverish eyes,
When a night of revel dies,
And longings for streams and trees
Arise with the rising breeze.



THE SISTERS LEVEY.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

Does one really live out of Paris? Or, perhaps, the matter should be put thus—it is in Paris that we fill our lungs with the mental ozone that keeps us going till our next visit. Happily, the English synonyms of *esprit* and *entrain* have not been rendered odious by advertisers, as is the case with “intellectual,” “refinement,” and others. We can still use the words “wit” and “sparkle” without being reminded of intellectual and refined homes offered in Camden Town to paying guests at twenty-five shillings a week. It is just the wit and sparkle of Paris—not Anglo-American, but Paris-Parisian—that fills us there with what Browning calls “the wild joy of living”—the life intellectual, I add shudderingly, as I recall those terrible advertisements.

A chat with Victor Cherbuliez is as great a treat—I should like to say “refined,” but for thoughts of paying guests and twenty-five shillings a week—as a page of “Ladislas Bolski,” or “Le Secret du Précepteur,” which is saying a good deal. The brilliant novelist and Academician I



M. CHERBULIEZ.

Photo by Pirou, Paris.

need not describe personally: his portrait does this. It is perhaps just the face we should expect, dominant expression being mental alertness, the faculty and habit of observation. The powerful head is beautifully set on the shoulders, and the *grand air* of the Academician heightens a naturally fine presence.

Half an hour before I had been chatting with another literary *confrère*, a Parisian, in English. M. Cherbuliez, although thoroughly versed in the English language and in our literature, prefers French speech.

A volume of Rousseau lay on my table.

“Ah, you have music there,” he said smilingly. Then from Jean-Jacques’ inimitable style he turned to letters and art over the water. Alluding to the latest development of realistic fiction, so called, among us, he observed—

“Through what a lamentable phase your lighter literature is now passing! I confess I do not understand it. The land of Walter Scott too! But one work has lately appeared in England which is a notable addition to your wealth. I allude to Scott’s Journals and Letters—in my opinion, one of the most important literary acquisitions of our day.”

M. Cherbuliez is a warm admirer of English art also, but, as was only natural, the two novelists veered round to the novel.

“Le roman! le roman! What would life be without it?” he said, whereupon I ventured to hint at certain novels some readers could not well do without, with special allusion to one chapter in “Ladislas Bolski.” This was, of course, the unsurpassable hair-dressing scene. Emboldened, I next put the somewhat daring question which of his own works did the great novelist prefer?

M. Cherbuliez’s unhesitating reply was, “*Méta Holdenis*.” Glancing to-day at the publisher’s list, I note that, while the work in question has reached a sixth edition, some others are in the twelfth and thirteenth.

“Did it ever strike you,” I asked, “that from your story of ‘Samuel Brohl and Co.’ several novelists I could name, both English and French, have borrowed their *motif*, one or two with considerable success?”

“So I have been told,” was the careless answer. M. Cherbuliez, indeed, can afford to let imitators go. Much more interesting talk we had, and, before parting, I endeavoured to persuade my distinguished *confrère* to visit our shores. I regret that I had not then read “*Le Secret du Précepteur*,” or I should have twitted him about his odious British matron in that story, assuring him that here he would find middle-aged and elderly ladies as fascinating as George Sand’s Marquise de Villemer. One thing is quite certain. If M. Cherbuliez discovered no “sweet little women of fifty” in England, to quote George MacDonald, he is sure of a welcome from readers hardly less numerous and enthusiastic than among his own country-people.

In reviewing the series of novels from this not too prolific pen, we are struck by the contrasted qualities of brilliance and solidity, also by equableness, the same high level being uniformly kept up. But other characteristics are to be noted. M. Cherbuliez has no “livresque,” or bookish, padding and no cheap effects. “I hate cheap pathos!” somewhat cruelly exclaimed George Henry Lewes, when a young writer had bidden him weep over a death-bed scene. “Such things make the eyes water,” wrote Flaubert of similar effusions; “but, so will an onion!”

Our author has recourse to quite other means. Is there not deepest pathos in the concluding sentences of “*Le Secret du Précepteur*”? Nor are his situations of easy, commonplace kind. In the words of Mr. Saintsbury, difficulties which have been too great for many novelists M. Cherbuliez has surmounted with consummate skill. Here is his superexcellence—the making real what appears, to use an awkward but indispensable word, unrealisable. According to some critics, among these the late Jean-Marie Guyau, herein lies the test of genius. “True art,” he wrote, “treats life and nature not as illusions, but realities, impressed not by what is easiest in these to transcribe, but what is most difficult. We must realise how far life transcends art to be able to put into art as much life as possible.”

The subtlety of M. Cherbuliez’s method may not appeal to all. For the general novel-reader are new and striking pictures of French life and scenery, a witty and epigrammatic style, and a narrative that enthralls as we read and long remains in the memory.

An Academician is, of course, an authority upon the subject of words. We find that “garden party,” “hall,” and other Anglicisms now pass muster in French without italics or inverted commas.

M. Cherbuliez has his flat in Paris, a country house in the Department of Seine et Marne, and usually spends his winters at Hyères. Alas! soon after that pleasant chat with him last October, heavy domestic affliction arrested his pen, then employed upon a new work of fiction. The loss of a beloved wife, ardent sympathiser in his literary labours, has clouded a life eminently favoured of fortune.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.



AN IMPRESSION.

ECCENTRIC PREACHERS.

Although the eccentricities of the clergy are not, perhaps, more strongly marked than those of other classes of the community, it is undoubtedly a fact that lay-preachers, and others who affect the rôle of teachers in religious matters, comprise an unusually large proportion of individuals who are distinguished by the possession of "cranks." How far

this may be natural, and how far assumed for the sake of attractive novelty, it is not now necessary to inquire; but it is hardly likely that such a simple means of attracting popular attention would be ignored by those who have desired to pose as public instructors.

The preachers of the Commonwealth period seem to have been specially remarkable for peculiarities of manner, if we may judge by the many strange tales which have come down to us. Hugh Peters was one of the noted fanatics of this class. He was expelled from Trinity College, Cambridge, on account of irregular behaviour, and afterwards betook himself to the stage, where he acquired that gesticulation and buffoonery which he so often practised in the pulpit. He acted as the jailer of Charles I. when that monarch was brought a prisoner to London,



HUGH PETERS.

and it was strongly suspected that he afterwards officiated as one of his masked executioners, and that Hulet was the other. His private life and public conduct were both totally opposed to what one would expect in a man of his profession, and his published tales and jests are not calculated to add to his reputation. Peters was executed with the other regicides after the Restoration, and, in a contemporary account which narrates the circumstances of his death, he is described as "dying sullenly and desperately."

As may be readily imagined, Peters was not without imitators. One of these, named Daniel Burgess, was a pulpit buffoon who amused his congregation solely by the coarseness of his manners and the levity of his jokes. Upon one occasion, when preaching of Job's "robe of righteousness," he said, "If any of you would have a suit for a twelve-month, let him repair to Monmouth Street; or for his lifetime, let him apply to the Court of Chancery; and if for all eternity, let him put on righteousness."

Once, when dining with a gentleman belonging to his congregation, a large Cheshire cheese, uncut, was brought to table. "Where shall I cut it?" asked Daniel. "Anywhere you please, Mr. Burgess," answered the gentleman. Upon which Daniel handed it to the servant, desiring him to carry it to his house, and saying he would cut it at home.

One of the most witty and facetious preachers of the Puritanical party, however, was Jeremiah White, Oliver Cromwell's chaplain. Being possessed of the advantages of youth and a handsome person, he was ambitious enough to aspire to the hand of Cromwell's youngest daughter. The young lady is said to have encouraged his addresses, and it was not long before this interchange of gallantries was noticed by the Court. The Lord Protector was speedily informed of the circumstance, and, having no inclination for such an alliance,

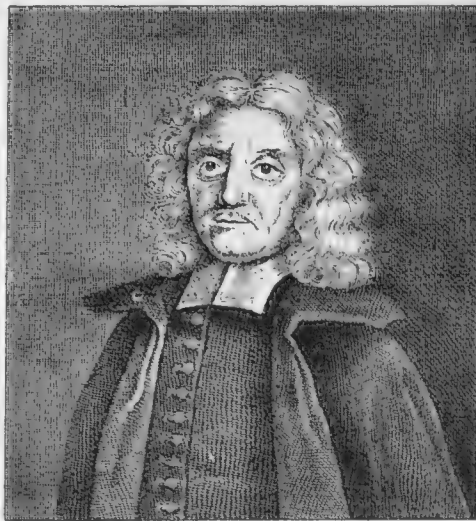


DANIEL BURGESS.

was determined to have a strict look-out kept, with a view ultimately of having White severely punished. In a short time "Jerry White," as he was generally called, was discovered in the lady's chamber, and Oliver, rushing into the room in a rage, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing his daughter's hand or having just kissed it. Cromwell, in a fury, asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frances? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, "May it please your Highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me. Oliver,

turning to the young woman, cried, "What's the meaning of this, hussy? Why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you would treat him as such."

My lady's woman, who desired nothing better, with a very low curtsy, replied, "If Mr. White intends me the honour, I shall not be against him." "Sayest thou so, my lass?" cried Cromwell. "Call Goodwyn—this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room." White had gone too far to recede from his proposal. His brother parson came, and Jerry



JEREMIAH WHITE, CROMWELL'S CHAPLAIN.

and my lady's woman were united in the presence of the Protector, who gave the bride five hundred pounds as her portion, to the secret disappointment and indignation of the enraged dupe of his own making, but entire gratification and satisfaction of the fair Abigail, the moment they were made one flesh, who, by this unexpected good fortune, obtained a husband much above her most sanguine expectations.

The Restoration deprived White of all hope of preferment, and he therefore chose to remain quiescent, for he was too pleasant a man to take up his abode in a prison for preaching in a conventicle. He died in 1707, and Mrs. White, who survived him, always simpered her assent to the truth about her romantic marriage whenever the subject was mentioned.

ELDON HOPE.

MR. GEORGE CURZON'S WEDDING.

Pity the American bride! Miss Anna Gould has had her turn, and the American papers have devoted columns, and, indeed, whole pages, to the discussion of her own and the Comte de Castellane's most private affairs, past *affaires de cœurs*, and so on. The same fate will soon befall Miss Mary Leiter, the pretty and popular fiancée of Mr. George Curzon, Lord Scarsdale's eldest son and heir. Miss Leiter's beauty and charm of manner have given her a prominent place in Washington society—a society, be it remembered, greatly composed of European diplomatists and their wives. The Leiter fortune was made in Chicago, and the young lady is said to be going to receive a dowry of £80,000, something like a tenth part of her ultimate "expectations."

An enterprising American journalist has been attempting to gather some idea of Mr. Curzon's income. His efforts appear to have been futile, but, says the scribe sagely, "Though the young man's annual income only probably equals that of an American railroad president in the West, his blood is blue!" It must also be gratifying to Mr. Curzon to learn the excellent character given him by his future father-in-law, who lately confided to a reporter, "He is one of the few English gentlemen who come to our shores stainless, and I am proud of the fact. His family is an exceedingly fine one." Mr. Curzon himself might have been described by the same authority as an "exceedingly fine" member of that house, for he has been a success since he left the nursery.



PHILIP HERMON, QUAKER.



AT JULIET'S WINDOW.

"Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend."

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

THE MUSIC-HALL GODS.

Crowded gallery of music-hall. Gentlemen smoke, ladies laugh and cough, attendants urge with insistence purchase of programmes. On stage, muscular foreigner is doing elaborate unnecessary tricks. Fluttering music by orchestra.

ASTONISHED PATRONESS. Isn't it simply wonderful how he does it, Arthur? He must be strong, mustn't he?

ARTHUR. Course he's strong. Ugly, too.

ASTONISHED PATRONESS. He's took up the cannon-ball, Arthur, see? What's he going up to now, I wonder!

ARTHUR (*depreciatingly*). Some tommy-rot, I suppose. It's a good bit of it fake, ye know, all this sort of thing. Them things look 'eavy, but—

[*Muscular foreigner throws cannon-ball high. Affects to miss it.*

LADIES (*startled*). Oh—ah!

[*Louder music, muscular foreigner does confusing jumble of tricks. Bows. Exit.*

SERVANT-GIRL (*to SOLDIER*). Well, I'm glad it's over, and that's the truth. It'd give me the fidgets to watch much of it. I know very well my sister Jane would go into 'ysterics over it—at least, I say 'ysterics, but I dare say she'd enjoy it reely. You 'aven't met Jane, I fancy?

SOLDIER. Can't say I have. What sort of a girl is she?

SERVANT (*vaguely*). Well, I scarcely know how to describe her. She's a nice-looking girl, and yet she isn't a nice-looking girl, if you understand me.

SOLDIER. I see.

SERVANT. She's got a good place near Pembroke Square, a very good place—at least, I call it a good place, but, as a matter of fact—(*Gorgeous footman inserts at side of stage fresh number.*) What's this one's name supposed to be? Number fifteen. Miss Disy Le Face. There's a name to carry about with you, isn't it? I recollect very well once a girl I knew—at least, I didn't reely know her, but—

[*MISS DAISY LE FACE, in long accordion-pleated skirts, trips on.*

MISS DAISY LE FACE (*sings shrilly*)—

Oh, the music I love when nobody's by

Is the waltz, the waltz deevine;

But the music I love when my sweet one is nigh

Is the beat of the 'eart that's mine.

[*Walks with waving head to waltz refrain.*

Strowling along by the meel-stream,

You and I, arm in arm;

We two together, in all sorts of weather,

Near to the dear old farm.

[*After last chorus she lifts skirts and dances for two minutes by stop-watch.*

GALLERY (*with enthusiasm*). 'Ooray!

SERVANT. These girls look nice enough, George, on the stage; but, of course, as I dare say you know, they're dreadfully made-up. Cook was telling me only the other day—

SOLDIER (*tolerantly*). Oh, well; that's their look-out.

SERVANT. But I think it's rather 'orrid, don't you? Fancy me doing of it! (*Skittishly.*) I've a jolly good mind to, just once, to see what you'd say.

SOLDIER (*with decision*). You'd hear what I'd say!

SERVANT (*modestly*). I dare say you like me better as I am, if the truth was known. I always think—(*Music. Miss LE FACE reappears on stage.*) Oh! here she is again. Same girl, apparently, only in blue tights this time—at least, I say blue, but reely they're a kind of a—

MISS DAISY LE FACE (*with flourishing stick and intensely joyous manner, sings*)—

Oh, you see us at the races,

And you see us in the Park;

We're up to every trick, boys,

And we're busy after dark.

We paint the town quite crimson,

We're worshipped by the gals;

We're known to all the bobbies

As (*pause; takes off hat*) the 'Owling, Rowling Pals.

(*Puts hat on and slaps it.*)

So it's come along, arm in arm,

Everybody yells;

Where'er we go they're sure to know

(*Takes off hat*) The 'Owling, Rowling Pals.

GALLERY (*in hesitating chorus*)—

So it's come along—

WIFE. That's what I call a nice toon enough, but I like 'er other one best. That other one more touches the 'eart, I think.

HUSBAND (*chaffingly*). Always thought you was a bit touched!

WIFE. I'm very well sure that if she'd sung another verse of that first one the tears would have come to my eyes. Fact, reely! It seems somehow to bring it all back to me, you know! I remember so well when I was in the country—it's a good many year ago now—

HUSBAND. Ah, you're no chicken, my dear!

WIFE. And I was only there for the day, but I shall never forget it as long as I live! Better bread-and-cheese and beer and pickles than we had that day for lunch at a inn sort of place I never wish to taste! And the 'op-garden, too! (*Throws up hands as a sign of inability to describe.*)

HUSBAND. Where's the programme?

WIFE. And the cows and the sheep and the 'orses, and the what-not—reely, it was all just like you see in pictures! But the lark of it was when two of us—young Joe Bradley and me—coming 'ome in the train—

HUSBAND. Look 'ere, old girl! You can talk when you get outside to your 'eart's content. Sive it up, sive it up, there's a good sort!

WIFE (*bitterly*). Precious few chances poor women get to open our mouths in this world! Directly you begin to express an opinion, you get your 'ead snapped 'alf off!

GALLERY (*joining with increased confidence in last chorus*).

Where'er we go they're sure to know
The 'Owling, Rowling Pals!

[BUOYANT LAD, smoking meerschaum pipe with carved lady's head for bowl, is impressing COUNTRY RELATIVE.

BUOYANT LAD. You'd scarcely believe what I'm going to tell you, but I've seen this next chap, 'igh 'at on and shiny boots and long coat and all, standing at a bar and taking his glass just like you or me.

COUNTRYMAN (*amazed*). Aye, but that's a wunnerful thing! Ye'd never think that now.

BUOYANT LAD (*carelessly*). Oh, bless you! he's as free and 'earty in his manner as anything.

COUNTRYMAN. Well, well! yew surprise me.

BUOYANT LAD. And there's another thing I can tell you. (*Whispers*) That girl that sang last, she—

[*ECCENTRIC COMEDIAN stumbles on. He has a red, red nose and green hair, and brimless silk hat and patched trousers and loose frock-coat. He goes to back cloth and chuckles affectionately the chin of Italian lady painted thereon. Gallery roars.*

ECCENTRIC COMEDIAN (*sings at lightning speed*)—

If your mother-in-law has a fit,

If your favourite corn goes away,

If the bobby on beat trips up in the street,

It's no use complaining, I say,

If the man for the taxes don't call,

If the nurse goes and drowns both the twins,

If your rich, gouty uncle dies of a carbuncle,

Or the horse that you've backed goes and wins.

[*Advances to footlights with mysterious air of giving exclusive advice.*

Winky wanky woo, boys, winky wanky woo,

That's the thing to say, boys, that's the thing to do;

Whatever be the bother, it's no use telling mother,

It's always best to winky wanky woo.

[*Extravagant dance. At the finish smiles broad, long, bashful smile.*

MIDDLE-AGED LADY (*to companion*). What does winky wanky woo mean, Maria? What's the idea, I wonder?

SECOND M.-A. LADY. 'Eaven knows, Emma, I don't. I suppose it's a catch saying kind of thing, you know. You see, each word begins with a double yew.

FIRST M.-A. LADY. Ah, I didn't think of that. It's clever though, isn't it? I think I've always been fond of poetry, more or less, ever since I was a bit of a child. And I'm sure my little Carrie, when she's in a good temper, she'll go and recite a bit about a doll that makes me feel un'appy like the moment she begins it. I almost think, Maria (*tentatively*), that my little Carrie will turn out clever some day, don't you?

SECOND M.-A. LADY (*evasively*). I wish to goodness she'd get rid of that 'abit of sniffing so.

FIRST M.-A. LADY. Ah, well. We all 'ave our faults, Maria. We're none of us perfect. We are *what* we are, and there's no getting away from that, try how you will.

ECCENTRIC COMEDIAN (*sings*)—

Whatever be the bother, it's no use telling mother,
It's always best to winky wanky woo.

SERVANT (*to SOLDIER*) (*reading from programme*). "Number seventeen. Professor Sarlini's troupe of bicyclists." (*Sighs.*) What's about the time, I wonder? Half-past ten? (*With much concern.*) Oh, good gracious me! I must be off! I didn't know it was so late—at least, when I say I didn't know, I *did* know, only—

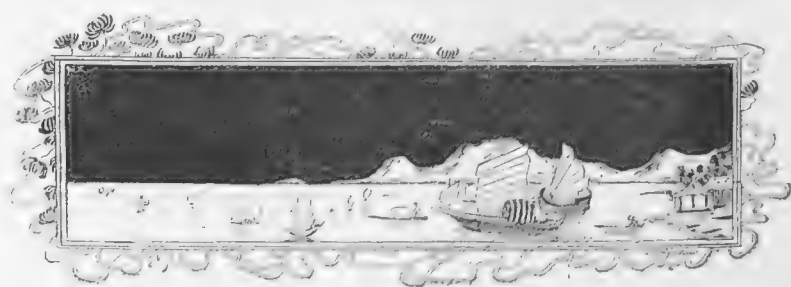
BUOYANT LAD (*to COUNTRY RELATIVE*). Now we'll get round to that place and 'ave a glass, and I wouldn't mind betting 'alf-a-dollar we shall see that chap who sang come straight in.

COUNTRYMAN (*admiringly*). Dom it, man, but Ah say must ye're a rare young dayvil! They'll be fair astoanished when Ah tell um at home. A rare young dayvil!

BUOYANT LAD. So you'd be if you lived in London.

COUNTRYMAN (*with modesty*). Ah doot it, lad! Ah doot it!

W. PETT RIDGE.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



PREPARING FOR A BATHE.—C. G. HARDS.

EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

ART NOTES.

According to the source from which we captured a certain flamboyant description of Sir Frederic Leighton's forthcoming contributions to the Royal Academy, Mr. Poynter's new picture, for the same exhibition, is a very remarkable production. The scene is a hall, "the roof of which is supported by lofty columns of yellow and white Oriental alabaster, with gilded caps and richly moulded bases." The semicircular portion of this hall to the spectator's right is "filled with a bench, or ambo," on which



THE IDLER.—HENRY M. RHEAM, R.I.

Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

are grouped a company of "damsels of the finer Græco-Roman type." "The girls are listening to the music of one of their number, who, leaning with crossed feet against a column on our left, performs with spirit upon double pipes."

It is difficult to conceive how Mr. Poynter painted what follows, but here it is, for good or bad. "The shrill notes fill the hall and mark the time for a charming, rose-crowned brunette"—we know the lady quite well!—"near the middle of the picture." It will be curious to find how Mr. Poynter has managed to paint shrill notes, but we must hasten on to inform our readers that the charming, rose-crowned brunette is clad in a "loose tissue of rather pale rose, who dances with graceful energy upon the polished floor." Now mark: "With both hands she holds up daintily the skirts of the semi-diaphanous robe, which only half conceals her polished limbs and beautiful figure, while the looser part of her chestnut tresses swings behind her shoulders as she turns suddenly on one foot." We need not pursue the subject further. It will suffice to say that there are various ladies scattered over the canvas dressed in pale blue, sea-green, bronze-green with "varied carnations, and an almost Titianesque wealth of rosy and golden hues." We shall certainly await the hanging of this picture with interest.

Sir John Tenniel's exhibition of drawings at the Fine Art Society's Rooms is the first show of the kind, to our recollection, which this artist has ever put before the public. And, for certain reasons, we have here only more recent examples of that famous art which, week after week,

for some forty years, has filled the cartoon-page of *Punch*. This is a pity; for we believe that Sir John Tenniel's earlier art showed far greater firmness in the drawing and character in the expression than his later work. We have to regret, therefore, that the process of photographing from the original drawing is a comparatively recent discovery. Nevertheless, it is impossible to deny to the general merit of this particular exhibition those qualities of breadth, portraiture, and refinement which the whole world has for so long a time agreed to admire. The sketches for "Alice in Wonderland" are charming. There we have humour in its most delicate and playful aspect, and, as such, it is to be gratefully accepted.

The following little note from "a very eminent and highly accomplished Royal Academician," in reply to a friend's inquiry as to what he was painting, is significantly worth one word of comment: "If pictures sold now, I would paint them with pleasure, but I can't afford to paint them just to amuse the public; so what I do may be said to be for my own amusement." That cannot amount to very much, since the "eminent" one confesses that he will not, considering the present "tightness" of money, paint pictures. Surely this is a curious doctrine, or call it practice; and it is an infelicitous moment for the publication of such a sentiment. Unfortunately, there are too many critics of the Royal Academy who maintain that it is rather an institution for the making of money than for the making of art. When "a very eminent and highly accomplished Royal Academician" deliberately announces that he "would paint pictures with pleasure *if they sold*," obviously implying that he does not paint them with pleasure if they do not sell, he gives a handle to his enemies which they will be quick to use. Frankly, it is not the attitude of a Rembrandt. It is the attitude of a sign-painter. Now Rembrandt was an artist.

Europe is taking a terrible revenge upon Japan for all the great artistic lessons which the East has taught to the West. They say at Paris that some extremely patriotic Japanese gentlemen are anxious to celebrate worthily the triumphs of the Chino-Japanese war. For this end it is not proposed, for example, to commission, say, Watanabe Seitei to paint in his inimitably indicative way a great battle-picture, nor yet a landscape suggestive of victory, nor yet an allegory of conquest. They have cast covetous eyes upon the Eiffel Tower! And it is said that they have it in their minds to transport that hideous eyesore bodily into the pleasant places of Tokio. The *Athenæum* a little unkindly observes that this is a consummation devoutly to be wished; perhaps—for the Parisians, scarcely for the unfortunate dwellers in Tokio.



"OF NO FIXED ABODE."—HELY SMITH.

Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery.

"DANDY DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS MAY YOHÉ AS DICK WHITTINGTON.

*"In this disguise it is Dick you see,
I'm one of the crew of the 'Chimpanzee.'"*



MISS ETHEL HAYDON AS ALICE.

*"Two lips are parted,
And smile back light-hearted."*



MR. HENRY WRIGHT AS LARRY O'BRAUNNAGAN.

*"Its name is the confidence dodge, I think—
I've played at the game before."*



MR. HENRY WRIGHT AS LARRY O'BRAUNNAGAN.

*"Now I've come to my kingdom and sit on my throne,
And the laws of the land I can make on my own."*

"DANDY DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS MAY YOHÉ AS DICK WHITTINGTON.

*"Gaily I ride for my lady love,
Never a fear have I;
Merrily when the sun's above
I and my brave steed fly."*

"DANDY DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS MAY YOHÉ AS DICK WHITTINGTON.

*"Then here's to the Union Jack unfurled
That floats upon ev'ry sea!
And here's to the girls of the whole wide world,
But an English girl for me!"*

"DANDY DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MR. JOHN F. SHERIDAN AS LADY FITZWARREN.

*"Oh! I tame the alligator and the lion in his lair,
And I make the tiger tremble and I educate the bear."*



MISS ETHEL HAYDON AS ALICE.

*"A girl with a guileless heart am I,
Who loves with a lad to stray."*



MR. ROBERT PATEMAN AS A SIAMESE ACROBAT.



MISS GRACIE WHITEFORD AS A SIAMESE PRINCESS.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

A TALK WITH MR. G. W. SMALLEY.

We are losing, in Mr. G. W. Smalley, one of those rare personalities which ever add individual interest and colour to the things and affairs of this life. But, although he is going away, he is not, fortunately, to be a stranger to us. During more than the last quarter of a century, he has spoken from England to America through Horace Greeley's great paper, the *Tribune* of New York. Now he is to speak from America to England—always the Anglo-American Ambassador—through the *Times*.

Here, surely, was text enough for me (writes a *Sketch* interviewer) to go to Mr. Smalley's house in Chester Place, the other afternoon, and ask him many questions. He received me with such unaffected courtesy that, by way of some return, I made up my mind on the spot not to compile—as the usual practice is—any personal inventory of him. That's magnanimity, isn't it? What colour of suit he wore, whether he was in slippers or boots, the difference in his features when he smiled and didn't smile—not one of these details shall I give. Nor as to how I found his study furnished, the hang of this picture, and the colour of the boards of that volume, shall I say a word.

Nothing but our talk, which, ranging over various points, always turned round Mr. Smalley's residence in this country and his approaching departure.

"England has been a home to me," he said, with, as I thought I noticed, a touch of feeling in his voice, "and to pull up at the roots all my associations here is a wrench. Still, I am going back to my own country, and to anybody that cannot be but a happy contemplation."

"You know, we have almost come to regard you as one of ourselves?"

"You've all been very good and very kind to me—more kind, indeed, than if I had been a born Englishman. The simple fact is, however, that an American, because he is an American, finds a specially cordial welcome among English people. I hope, and I believe, that English people have a similar experience when they go to America."

"I think I am right in assuming that you practically inaugurated the present splendid system of American newspaper representation in this country?"

"I came over here for the *Tribune* in 1866, in connection with the Austro-Prussian War, only, when I reached Queenstown, to hear of Sadova. There was little war news after that to send to New York, but I was greatly struck with what might be done here, in the collection of European news for America. Mr. John Russell Young was then managing editor, and saw clearly what ought to be done. There did not, in those days, exist any direct organisation for transmitting European news, and, before going back, I established a *Tribune* bureau."

"That, of course, was a radical departure at the time. What did the American editors say to it?"

"Oh, the idea was regarded as blank heresy, and 'Edit our papers in London, forsooth!' some of them said. Well, American newspapers have never been edited in London, but my point was that London formed the natural centre of the world for the collection of news. In the following year—in 1867, that is—I came to London permanently to take charge of the *Tribune* bureau. When the Franco-German War broke out, we alone, among American papers, were ready with our organisation."

"And, as everybody knows, reaped the full benefit?"

"Did very well indeed; but I have told in *Harper's* the story of the *Tribune* special war correspondence and what influence it had on English journalism. The new departure of the *Tribune* was thought a success, and now, as you know, there are not only several direct Anglo-American news-agencies, but most of the best American papers have their own correspondents in London. Since the agencies became so active in the transmission of news pure and simple, my work has rather been to send what I may call the inside history and views of all that is going on in the Old World—holding up the mirror, so to speak."

"Sometimes, as we know, giving us lights, *via* New York, upon ourselves and our doings?"

"During the past eight or nine years—since the Home Rule split of 1886 in the Liberal Party—I have been writing much, like everybody else, on Irish questions, and, unlike almost everybody else in America, and, indeed, in opposition to the editorial views of the *Tribune*, taking the Unionist view. English politics have moved in such fashion that it is the Conservatives who have an affinity to, and should have the real sympathy

of America. In other words, the Conservative Party has so Liberalised itself, the Liberals so Radicalised themselves—gone to such extremes—that it is English Conservatism which is most nearly allied to the best note in the American politics of the time. Judging English politics from the American standpoint, that is the result to which, as I say, I have come. On questions of principle, of political and constitutional method, the American Constitution is a mine of precedents for Conservatism. We are, in fact, in America, the most Conservative people in the world."

"That is an interesting key to your letters, and I should be delighted if you'd give me another in advance, to the new American correspondent of the *Times*?"

"There you come to my going back to New York, the brilliant life of which, may I mention, never seemed to me so brilliant and interesting as when I was last there, in January. We Americans are a nation of seventy millions of people, and nearer and closer to you, in spite of little jars and frictions, than to any other nation in the world. Blood is thicker than water. America is a political machine on a great scale, and more than that; ours is the life of a great nation. Having regard to these facts, it seems to me that English people might well care to have a fuller knowledge of—and, as a result, a greater interest in—what is being done in America. The better the two peoples understand each other, better friends they will necessarily be."

"You see some hope that such a new era may be opened?"

"If I can do anything in that direction, it will be doing, I believe, a useful thing; and I ought to know by this time what, in American life, will interest English people. Not merely is there the enduring spiritual and intellectual kinship of the two nations, but, looking back on the years, I feel strongly that the bonds between them have grown, and continue to grow, more and more intimate. When I was seeking for a house on coming to settle in London, I remember running my eye over one agent's list, and finding a rather curious entry. It was a furnished house, and after the other particulars about it were these words, 'No dogs or foreigners.' 'Ah,' I said to the agent, 'I'm afraid I should not, even if I wanted it, be eligible for this house.' 'Dear me,' was his response, 'you're not a foreigner—an American is never a foreigner in England.' That was more than twenty years ago—twenty years of friendships never to be forgotten."

"Really, won't you point out some fault in us—our insular prejudices, for instance, as illustrated by that foreigner and dog business?"

"Prejudices—why not? A good healthy prejudice—I like it; it is part of the strength of the English people. No, I have no criticisms to make. You would not attend to them if I had; and you would be quite right. English indifference to criticism is one secret of English strength. You go your own way. I may write a book some day on my observations of England, my impressions of events, people I have met, and so on. And by that time I may have remembered the faults."

"What, might I ask, do you regard as the most interesting phase of English national life during the past quarter of a century?"

"Unquestionably the steady movement towards democracy—the rapid democratisation of England. You are now far more democratic than we are. The immediate and continuous control of the electorate is much greater than it is in America. You could, and would, upset the Constitution between ten and twelve o'clock of a night, if there were no House of Lords. If the American people were to be asked to do away with their Senate, if it were proposed to make a single body their masters without any check whatever, I don't know what they would say—or rather, would not say."

"Of the historic ceremonial events you have witnessed in Europe—and you have seen many, I know—which would you pick out as the most notable?"

"Abroad, the funeral of the old Emperor in Berlin; in England, as a pageant, and for what was underneath it—the immense sincerity and feeling, the admiration and affection manifested towards Queen Victoria—I should say the Jubilee celebration of 1887. Frankly, I have never seen anything that came near to it. Of course, an old country like England lends itself to pageant of any kind. In America, only the mountains and rivers are old."

"G.W.S." has a name as an after-dinner talker and story-teller which will linger in London for many a day. On that line I might well have delved for interviewers' nuggets; but I considerably thought of the eventual book, and left them for it. Magnanimous again, wasn't it?



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

HISTORIC SPOTS IN AMERICA.

Photographs by Mrs. R. M. Wilson, Boston, Mass.

MILES STANDISH'S HOUSE, SOUTH DURBURY, MASS.



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.



FAITH MONUMENT, PLYMOUTH.



PLYMOUTH ROCK.



THE HOUSE IN SALEM WHERE HAWTHORNE WAS BORN.

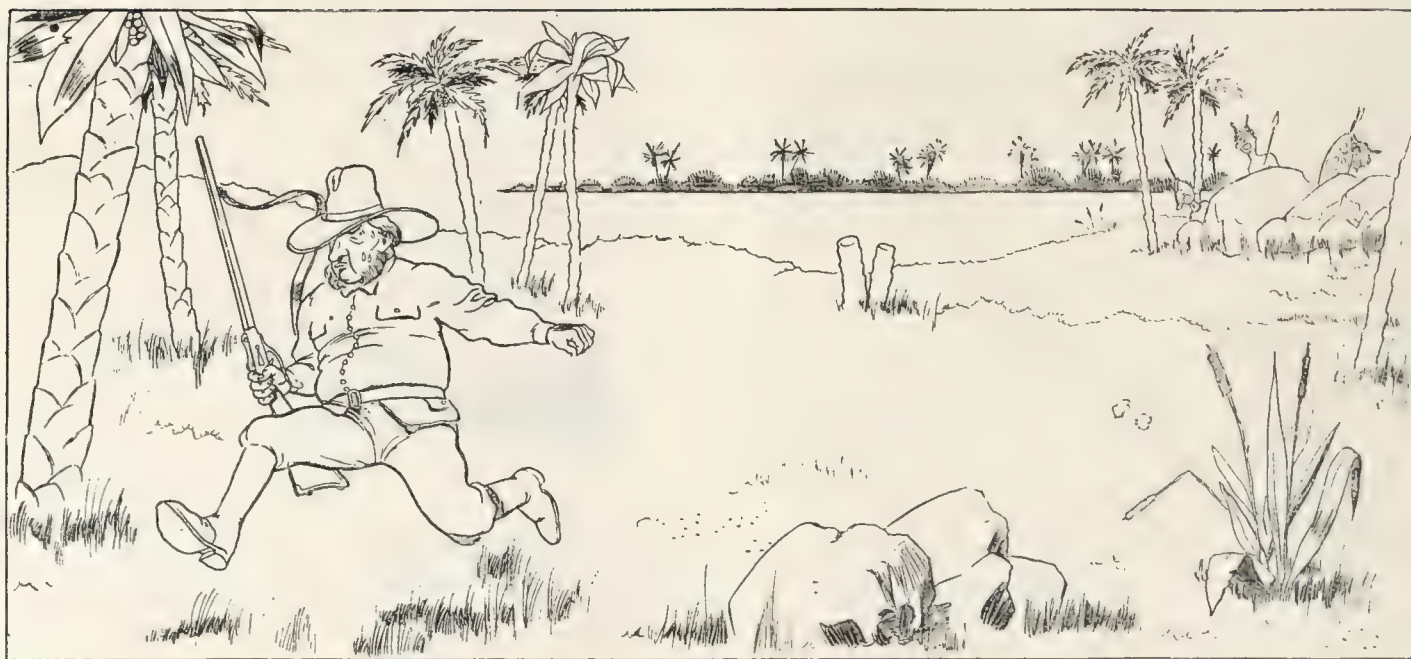


UNDER THIS TREE, AT CAMBRIDGE, WASHINGTON FIRST TOOK COMMAND OF THE AMERICAN ARMY, 1773.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



AT 'APPY 'AMPSTEAD ON EASTER MONDAY.



THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM.

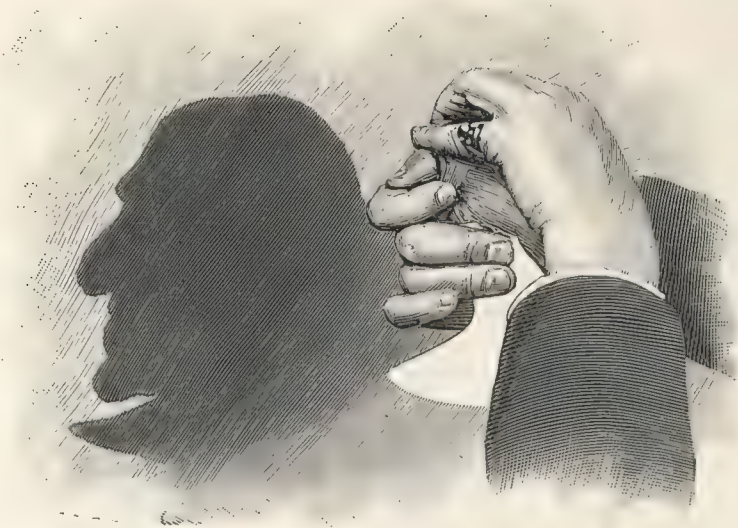
ENVY • HATRED
MALICE • AND • ALL
UNCHARITABLE-
NES • A • SKETCH
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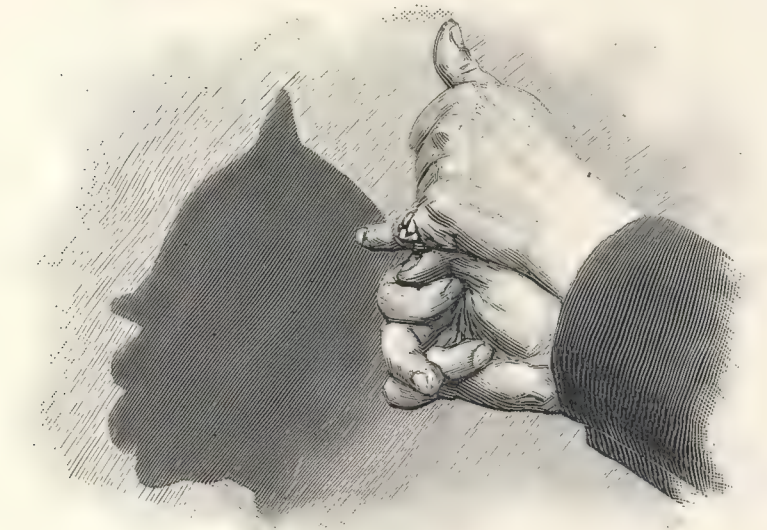




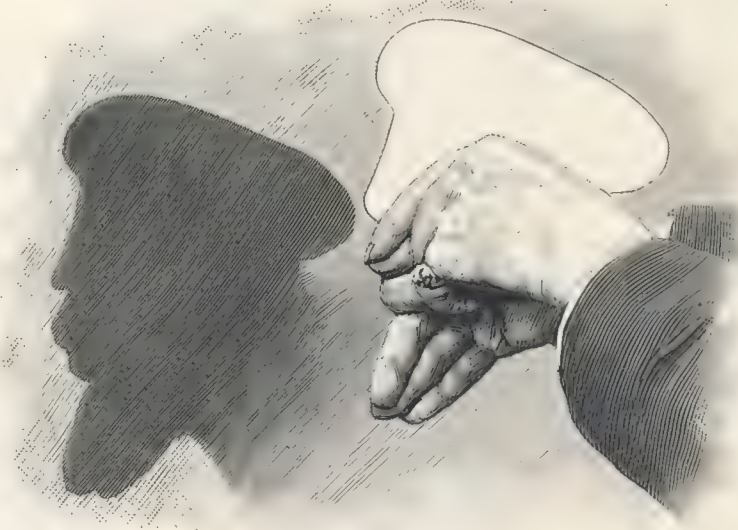
LORD SALISBURY.



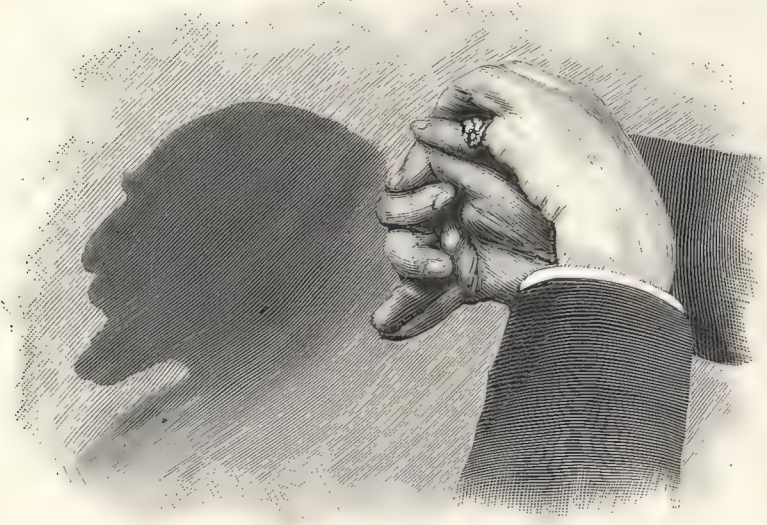
MR. GLADSTONE.



BISMARCK.



THE LATE CZAR.



GAMBETTA.



CRISPI.



THIERS.



ZOLA.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

In the ultimate number of the *Pall Mall Budget*, whose lavish life has just ended, regretted by all save journalistic rivals, Mr. William Archer has freed his soul by a vigorous assault on the music-hall and its apostles. To much of what he says it is possible very cordially to subscribe. The music-hall "boom," now perceptibly on the wane, has been for some time a weariness to the flesh; and the young men who made themselves the prophets and bards of varieties called imperatively for the abundant half-brick. It is not to be wondered at that a serious critic of the drama should be inclined to arise and smite the music-hall, and say, in his wrath, that "not one verse, not one line," of music-hall songs "has passed into the common stock of the language." Yet is the blame excessive. The mere fact that extravagant claims have been urged, in a spirit of paradox, on behalf of the music-hall, must not impel us to deny plain facts, and push our censure into extravagance. That way Nordau lies.

In the first place, there are not a few music-hall songs that have left lines, and more than lines, as possessions of their generation, if not of all time. Parliament has heard more than once that Lord Rosebery or another "dunno where 'e are." Ibsen himself would have been proud to coin a phrase so aptly and exquisitely expressive of local splendour and parochial magnificence as "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road." The artful use of a topographical name in this line has the same merit as in Mr. Pinero's much-quoted verb, "to Trafalgar-Square." Sometimes, indeed, the line or phrase that survives is American; or even idiotic; "Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow" has, in itself, little more meaning than "the white horses of Rosmersholm," or "vine-leaves in the hair," but, for that very reason, its nonsense appeals to the hearer with a sense of incongruity. It is only when the meaningless calls itself realism or symbolism that it becomes really irritating. The author of "Alice in Wonderland" became tedious precisely at the moment when he began to hanker after instruction and allegory.

And, again, if the music-hall song be ephemeral and of no account, the same may be said, in as great measure, of the drawing-room song and the opera libretto. One swallow does not make a summer, and one Gilbert does not redeem comic operas as a whole, though his example has undoubtedly improved the technique of comic lyrics as much as that of Swinburne has improved the workmanship of serious verse. No song-writer of the present can ever fall into the metreless monstrosities of the old punning school, whose verses are still held up as patterns by critics who listened to them in their uncritical youth. I examined one of these masterpieces lately, and the first two lines I came across were these—

T'wards matrimony stir a pin
Will never this spinster.

The barbarous pun may pass, as the fashion; but the hideous cacophony of the lines! the sheer impossibility of singing the words without choking! the helpless slovenliness of the inversion! To have made such lines impossible is the glory of Mr. Gilbert.

Yet, if libretti owe to his example much of whatever point and neatness their lyrics may possess, the despised music-hall has something to do with this. The music-hall has always kept in vogue the refrain that makes the life of the comic song. It has shown the popularity of the lyric in which the stanzas accumulate instances of the maxim laid down in the burden. What are "I've got 'em on the list" and "Titwillow," if not the apotheoses of two well-known types of the music-hall song? Have not burlesques drawn many of their methods and some of their finest performers from the halls?

The exercise of detecting deep significance and high art in the music-halls is only one of the many ways in which men may waste time. There be also those that dissertate on the Snakes of Iceland, the Teaching of the Stage, the Meaning of Maeterlinck, and the austere morality of the Scottish village. These are but fashions, and they will pass. Already the esoteric significance of the high kick and the dear delights of the Rowdy Dowdy, Rickety Rackety, and other bibulous "boys" and crapulous "crews," are beginning to pall on the young men who once hailed them as the highest art; nor has even mimicry enraptured them so much since one of themselves gave his celebrated imitation of Young Lochinvar. The music-hall cult is ceasing, and its belated worshippers may be left to drop away unrebuked.

And, after all, the calves in the stalls of the palaces of varieties are hardly more to be pitied than the wild Pelleasses that wander over the Melisandes of Belgian dunes.

MARMITON.

WEST TO EAST BY CANADA.*

Recent arrangements made by Mr. Huddart (Huddart, Parker and Co., of Melbourne) for the new mail steamship line across the Pacific, a run of 6824 miles, between Sydney and Vancouver, British Columbia, stopping at the Fiji and at the Hawaiian Islands, have increased the



MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

probability that ere long the westward route to Eastern Asia, which looks like a geographical paradox, will become an ordinary course of traffic and customary travel. That will now gain vastly greater importance, beyond all precise estimate of its future amount, in consequence of the results, whatever they may prove, of the war between Japan and China. It cannot be doubted that European intercourse with all the nations, continental and insular, and with all the colonial plantations and stations of maritime trade occupying that quarter of the globe comprised by the 90th and the 180th degrees of east longitude, is about to undergo a speedy and immense extension. This will affect the eastern provinces of the British

Indian Empire, the French, Dutch, and Spanish colonies, Australia, New Zealand, and every productive and accessible islet of the Malay Archipelago, or in the West Pacific Ocean. It seems that, to get to the Far East, we had better go West; for us English, at any rate, Canada provides the straight and safe line, the most expeditious, the most agreeable, to the remotest possessions of the British Empire.

The incalculable value of this great fact to our national security and prosperity, which Mr. Douglas Sladen recognised and pointed out when he was in Australia some years ago, must not engross all our space in noticing his pleasant book. It is a description of the places that he visited "on and off" the Canadian Pacific Railway—a name which does not, indeed, entirely cover the subject; for although Nova Scotia and New Brunswick form part of what is officially styled the Dominion of Canada, to which, it may be hoped, Newfoundland will soon be joined, those provinces have their own distinctive characters, as worthy of regard as the Canadian; and not they alone, but the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, formerly called Lower and Upper Canada, are countries of the Atlantic side of North America: the Pacific is three thousand miles away. But the more remarkable is the double achievement of political confederation and railway engineering construction, by which the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific, the noble cities of Quebec and Montreal—classical in history, potent in commerce and in social life—on the grand river St. Lawrence, with Ottawa, the Dominion capital, and Kingston and Toronto, the Lake cities, the Prairie cities, Winnipeg to Banff, and the rising towns of British Columbia, where mountains, forests, streams, and sheets of water present wonderful aspects of natural scenery, are now bound together. It is a belt of British-American territory, with complete internal communications, and with a sense of national unity that, we trust, will abide for ever. Will not Australia follow this magnificent example? Will not South Africa, early in the twentieth century, exhibit a similar encouraging instance of that faculty which Englishmen, and Dutchmen not less, have inherited from their ancestors, the founders of the United Netherlands and of the American United States—the faculty of combining many local or provincial settlements, or separate communities, to build up a nation?

Such is the journey narrated by Mr. Douglas Sladen. Almost every place that he describes must already be tolerably familiar to the reader of tourists' books, and his anecdotes of the persons whom he met are of slight importance. Canadian literary, political, and mercantile notables treated him with a friendly welcome; he visited clubs and good private houses. The excellent Canadian sports—canoeing and fishing in summer, or shooting a variety of game in the forests, sleighing, skating, and tobogganing—were enjoyable to him. One is inclined to fancy that a short holiday might be well spent in Nova Scotia alone, without going farther than the shores of the Bay of Fundy, or, perhaps, only to Fredericton and up the St. John River; it is rather a large order to traverse the whole of Canada. The volume is adorned with nineteen collotype plates, of page size, and nearly ninety smaller illustrations, and is furnished with several maps of the route from ocean to ocean.

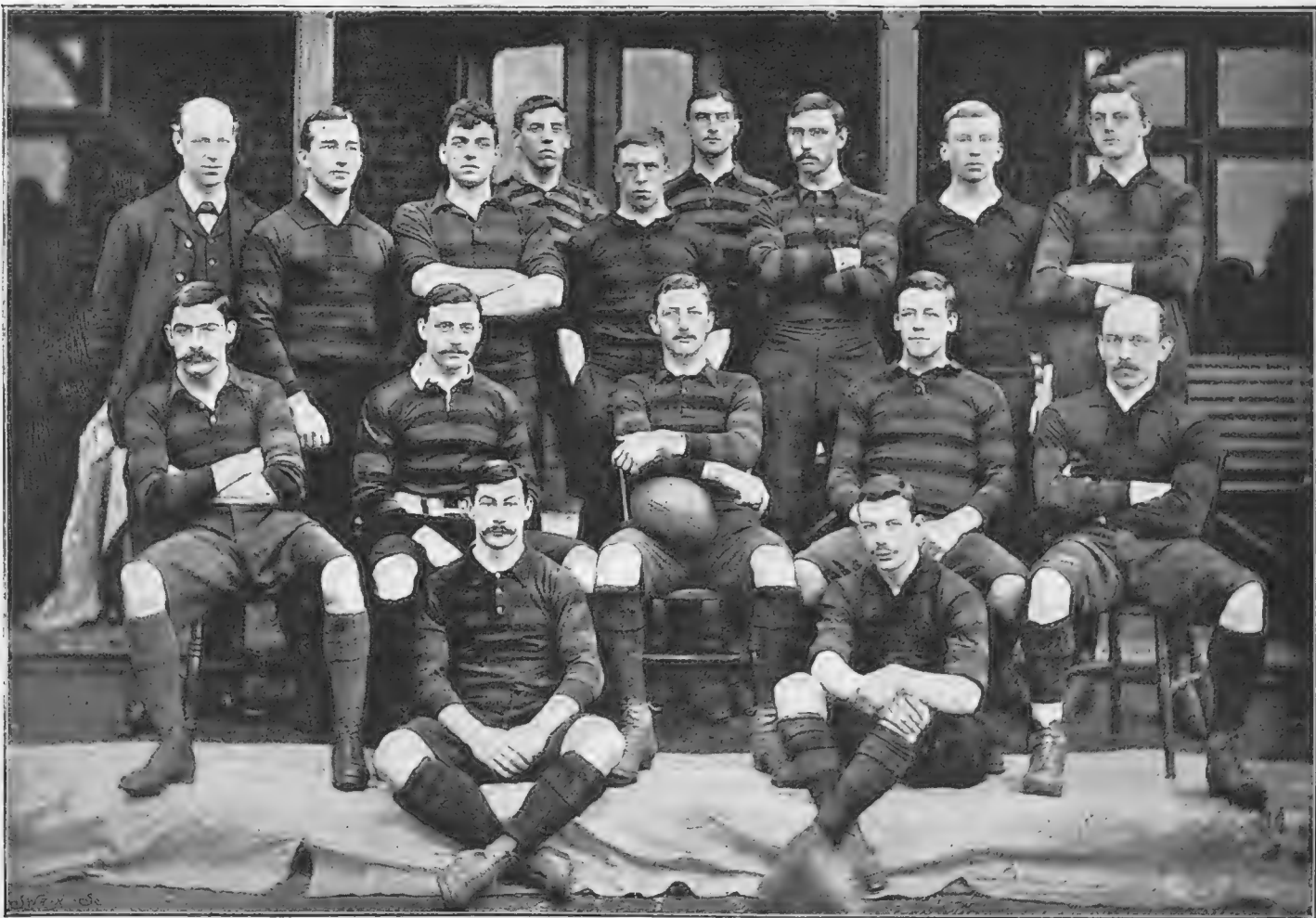
* "On the Cars and Off: A Pilgrimage along the Queen's Highway to the East, from Halifax in Nova Scotia to Victoria in Vancouver's Island." By Douglas Sladen. London: Ward, Lock, and Bowden.

MORE FOOTBALL PLAYERS.



ROYAL SCOTS, WINNERS OF THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLAS AND CO., MADRAS.

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R. Polwhell. A. Latter. G. F. Scott. F. H. Witherby.



W. B. Thomson. J. H. C. Fegan. P. Maud (Capt.). H. W. Finlinson. A. G. N. Harris.
F. H. Maturin. H. C. Nicolay.

BLACKHEATH RUGBY TEAM.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMONS AND THIELE, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

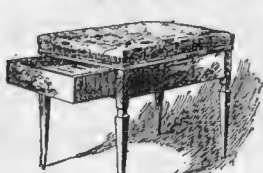
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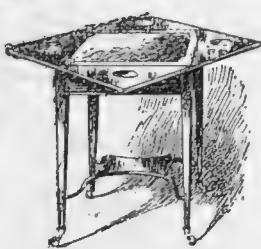
Dark Mahogany Corner Chair, with underframing, Seat upholstered in handsome tapestry, finished copper nails, 27s. 6d.



Sheraton Inlaid Tea-Tray, 10s. Cd. 23 in. by 15 in. Also in oval and kidney shapes.



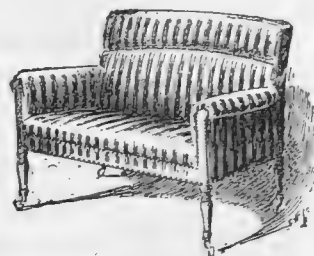
Music-Seat, in Silk Tapestry, 39s. 6d.



Card-Table, Envelope Folding, 2 ft. 7 in. across top, £2 15s.



Floor-Lamp, Wrought Iron and Copper, 14s. 6d.



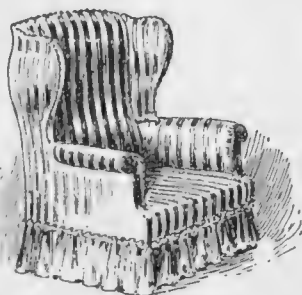
Settee in Striped Velvet. Length, 4 ft. 2 in.; Height, 3 ft. 4 in. £5 10s.



Café-au-Lait, Minton China, white and gold fluted, £1 1s.



Moorish Bureau, in Fumed Oak. 4 ft. 7 in. high; 2 ft. 7 in. wide. £4 15s.



The "Redewelle" Chair, 3 ft. 6 in. high, 27 in. wide, in Striped Plush, STUFFED ALL HAIR, 85s.

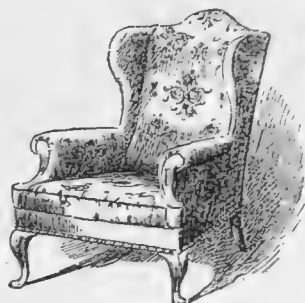
With Cradle Spring Seat and Founce as shown, £5 15s.



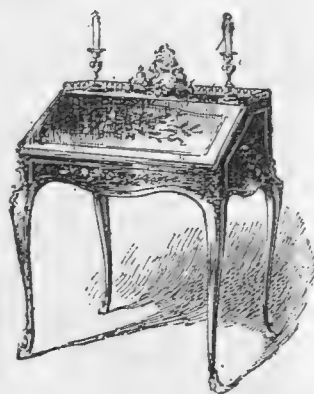
China-Cabinet, Chippendale Mahogany 4 ft. 7 in. high by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, £5 15s.



Claret-Jug, Fine Cut Crystal, 10s.



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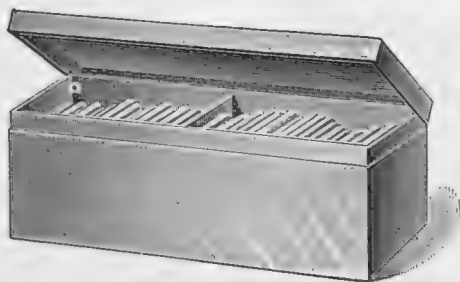
Carriage paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on purchases exceeding One Guinea.

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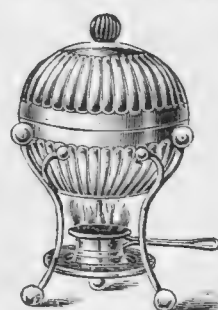
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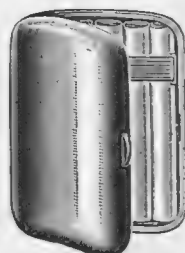
Prince's Plate Stand, for Bread-and-Butter, Cake, Sugar, and Cream. Doulton Ware China Dishes, prettily decorated with Flowers; Sugar-Basin and Cream-Jug in Prince's Plate, Interiors richly Gilt, £4.



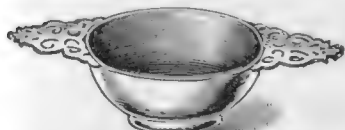
Sterling Silver Cigarette-Box, lined Cedarwood.
Length 4 1/2 in. .. £3 10 0
" 5 in. .. 4 5 0
" 7 in. .. 5 10 0



Fluted Egg-Steamer, with Spirit Lamp, complete. To cook 3 eggs simultaneously. Prince's Plate, £1 12s. Sterling Silver, £7 7s.



Sterling Silver Concave Cigarette-Case, 21s., 25s., 30s. Solid Gold, £7 10s.



Prince's Plate Sweetmeat-Dish, Saw Pierced and Chased, Total width, 6 in., 15s.

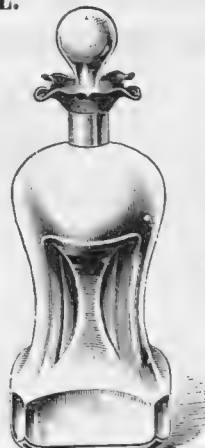


Escallop Butter-Shell and Knife, with Glass Lining. Prince's Plate, 12s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £1 12s.

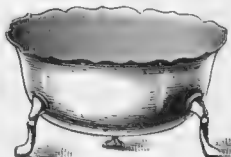
GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.



James I. Sterling Silver Cream-Ewer, £1 13s.



Clear Crystal Glass Black Forest Spirit-Bottles, Sterling Silver Mounts.
8 1/2 in. .. 17s. 10 1/2 in. .. 23s.
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James I. Sterling Silver Sugar-Basin, £1 10s.



Corinthian Pillar Candlesticks, 6 1/2 in. high. Prince's Plate, £2 4s. per pair. Sterling Silver, £5 per pair.



Electro Silver Breakfast-Dish. Converts into three dishes by simply removing the handle, £3 15s. Prince's Plate, £4 10s. Sterling Silver, £21.

WRITE FOR THE SPECIAL PRESENTS LIST (500 Illustrations) POST FREE.



Sterling Silver Concave Fusee-Case, with Ring, 17s. Solid Gold, £5 10s.



Pierced Sterling Silver Sweetmeat-Basket, £3 10s.

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AND HAVE THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

LIPTON CONTROLS THE TEA MARKET.

LIPTON Has paid in duty for his week's clearance of Tea the largest cheque ever received by Her Majesty's Customs, London, viz.:

£35,365 9s. 2d.

LIPTON This represents over one half of the average weekly payments for duty paid by the entire Tea Trade on the whole of the Tea imported into Great Britain.

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BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT



TO HER MAJESTY

The Queen.

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The Finest Tea the World can Produce.

PER **1/7** LB.

RICH, PURE, AND FRAGRANT,

PER **1/-** AND **1/4** LB.

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AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

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does not recognise secret compounds. It finds that more harm than good comes from them. They often contain drugs that should be taken only when prescribed by a physician.

Scott's Emulsion is *not* a secret compound. It cannot be secret for an analysis reveals all there is in it. Physicians have known and endorsed the formula for making it for *twenty years*

Scott's Emulsion

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Wasting Diseases of Children.

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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

GOLF.

The Ealing Golf Club, whose links are at Twyford Abbey, has commenced play. The course, which consists of eighteen holes, the majority of which are of a decidedly sporting character, is situated amidst scenery of remarkable beauty, midway between Ealing and Sudbury, which are the two nearest stations, and the Committee have arranged for a waggonette which now runs hourly on Saturdays between Ealing Station and the links. There are plenty of natural hazards, consisting mainly of the River Brent, which has to be crossed no less than seven times, and necessitates the bringing into play of all the clubs. A record for the course has been established by Walker, of St. Andrews, the club's professional, who went round last week in the excellent score of 74. The President of the Club is Lord George Hamilton, and among the Vice-Presidents are Sir Dixon

something like £2000. St. Andrews ought to be well suited now for the ancient pastime, and it will be more the headquarters of the game than ever.

FOOTBALL.

Football is making rapid progress in India, especially in Madras. Some three years ago it was practically non-existent in that Presidency; but last year a few ardent devotees came together, and decided to make a start. The game found support at once, and when, at the general meeting of the Gymkhana Club, last season, a request was made for a Tournament Cup, to be played for under certain conditions, a unanimous assent was accorded. One of these conditions is that the cup must be won three years in succession before it becomes the absolute property of any team. Ten teams entered, namely, the Madras Gymkhana



ONE OF THE GOLF BRIDGES OVER THE BRENT.



WALKER, THE CLUB PROFESSIONAL, APPROACHING THE FOURTH HOLE.



A SHORT APPROACH TO THE TENTH HOLE.



APPROACHING THE TWELFTH HOLE—THE ABBEY IN THE DISTANCE.

EALING GOLF CLUB'S LINKS AT TWYFORD ABBEY.

Hartland, Bart., M.P.; Mr. Ambrose, Q.C., M.P.; Mr. J. Stephens, M.P.; Mr. J. Bigwood, M.P.; and Mr. Montagu Sharp, M.P. The Hon. Secretary is Mr. A. T. W. McCaul.

The golf match to take place at the Bridge of Weir in May, previous to the open championships, would have attracted more attention if the competitors on either side had represented Scotland and England. Of course, Andrew Kirkaldy and Willie Fernie represent Scotland right enough, but could not an Englishman have been found to partner Taylor for the other side? Sandy Herd, although for some time now identified with the Huddersfield club, is, as the saying goes, a Scotchman to the heel. Not only is he Scottish 'born, but what he knows of golf, and that is considerable, was learned over the St. Andrews links.

Speaking of the St. Andrews links reminds me that there are now two golf-courses at the ancient borough. Of late years one went to St. Andrews for a day's play with the prospect of a long wait at the starting-point, owing to the number of starters. Now the golfer may set out with an easy mind. There are now two golf-courses to divide up the number of players, and, excepting the number of golfers visiting St. Andrews is doubled, there ought to be plenty of scope for all. The new links have cost the town £5000, plus the Parliamentary expenses, which I am afraid will be considerable. The Golf Club, however, has borne the entire expense of laying out the new green, at a cost of

Club, the Madras Medical College, the 19th Hussars, the R.A. (Bengalore), the R.A. (St. Thomas's Mount), the R.A. (Fort St. George), Cheshire Regiment, Northamptonshire Regiment, Dorset Regiment, and the Royal Scots; and of these the last-named were fancied, while the Dorsets were considered well in. The Scots defeated the Dorsets by three goals to love, and in the finals (in February) carried off the cup from the 19th Hussars by the same score. The cup is a very handsome silver one, standing twenty-one inches high, on an ebony pedestal.

It is good to be neighbourly. French Rugby footballers visit England, and receive visits from English clubs, but, so far, no French Association players have yet visited England in their capacity of footballers. One or two English clubs have crossed the Channel to give our French neighbours a lesson in the dribbling game, and now a return visit will be paid by a French football team selected from the best Association clubs. They are down to meet a scratch London team organised by Mr. A. R. Bourke, of the Referees' Association, at Caledonian Park next Saturday. The London team is composed chiefly of players from London and University clubs, and, while strong enough to give their guests a thrashing, is not so strong but that our visitors may learn something from the game.

I suppose it is now absolutely certain that Liversedge will win the Yorkshire Senior Competition and the Shield. They have shown wonderfully consistent form right through the season, even although they have

lost their chances of winning the Yorkshire Cup. In connection with this old competition, it is interesting to note that Wakefield Trinity, the lowest club in the Yorkshire Senior Competition, stand a very fair chance of winning the Yorkshire Cup. The chances are that the Trinitarians and Manningham, the old Shield-holders, will meet in the final. Bradford, after promising well in the Senior Competition, has fallen sadly away.

The final tie for the Army Cup now rests between the Black Watch, the present holders, and Portsmouth Royal Artillery. Both clubs have done excellently in the competition. Last year's winners have defeated the 1st Gordon Highlanders, 1st Manchester Regiment, 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers, 2nd Scots Guards, and Sherwood Foresters. The Artillery, this year, have vanquished the Royal Marine Artillery, 3rd King's Royal Rifle Corps, 15th Company Royal Artillery, 2nd Royal West Kent Regiment, and 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers.

The final will again be played at Aldershot, where the Black Watch will probably be favourites. Last season royalty graced the match, and the attendance numbered 15,000.

All honour to Preston North End! This old Lancashire club, rather looked down upon of late, caused a great surprise by defeating Everton in the final tie for the Lancashire Cup. It was no mistake, either; for the winners were two clear goals ahead at the finish, and distinctly the better team on the play. Although Everton have a splendid record in the League Championship, and are certain to finish second, if not first, they have played in most disappointing fashion lately. It is hardly possible that they can now win the League Championship, for they have to meet Aston Villa at Birmingham, and Sunderland at Sunderland. At present there is some friction between Sunderland and Everton over business matters; but it is to be hoped that this will not in any way interfere with fair play when the two clubs meet in the League match on April 20, the date of the final tie at the Palace.

Mr. J. W. Murison, of the London Caledonians and Cambridge University, was born at Aberdeen twenty-four years ago, and is one of

London's coming footballers. He is now at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he gained the First Classical Scholarship, and also took the B.A. degree with classical honours. He is a centre-forward of remarkable judgment, and so deadly were his shots when he played for the London Caledonians against the Old Westminsters that he scored three goals; and, although a rather heavy man for his age, he has the unusual knack of keeping his wings nicely together under the most trying circumstances. Mr. Murison is hopeful that the London Caledonians will carry off the London Charity Cup, but, as they have to meet the Old Carthusians in the final, the issue is somewhat doubtful. It may be interesting to note that the Caledonian centre-forward is the son of



MR. J. W. MURISON.
Photo by T. H. Lord, Cambridge.

Professor Murison, LL.D., and when the Scots held their annual smoking concert at the London Tavern it was this gentleman who presented Mr. Hugh Scott Macpherson, on behalf of the club, with a handsome gold watch. Mr. Macpherson was the practical originator of the London Caledonians club, and had the honour to be its first secretary. Young Mr. Murison played for Surrey last week, and, if he continues his good form, he should certainly gain his Blue next season.

CRICKET.

I have it on the best possible authority that George Lohmann will leave South Africa for England within the next few weeks. He is keeping in splendid health, and, provided we have anything like an average English summer, he intends once more to throw in his lot with Surrey. Of course, it may be that Lohmann will have partially lost the exceptional form he showed previous to his illness, but it will be passing strange if he is not found worthy of his place in the team of the champion county. In the few matches in which he has taken part at the Cape his right hand does not appear to have lost its cunning, and there can be no doubt his presence in the Surrey team will be a source of inspiration to the others. On the whole, Surrey's prospects for the coming season appear to be brighter even than last year.

OLYMPIAN.

HOW TO SPEND EASTER.

Easter is essentially the holiday which the City dweller utilises to brace himself, after being pent up in town all winter, for the year; and the railway companies offer him every facility.

The London and North-Western Company, which will issue holiday tickets from now until next Monday, run special expresses to-morrow for Bletchley, Wolverton, &c., and to Birmingham. They will run excursions to and from London and Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Leamington, Warwick, Coventry, Walsall, Burton, Derby, Leicester, Macclesfield, Stoke, Stone, Liverpool, Manchester, Chester, North Wales, Shrewsbury, Hereford, the Cambrian Line, Preston, Wigan, Blackpool, Lancaster, Morecambe, Carlisle, the Lake District, and Scotland.

On Good Friday, the trains on the Midland Railway will run as appointed for Sundays, with some exceptions. To-morrow, cheap excursion trains will be run from London to Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, &c., returning on Tuesday; and from London to Scotland, returning on Monday or April 19. Tickets will also be issued by the Scotch excursion at a single ordinary third-class fare for the double journey, available for sixteen days.

The Great Northern Railway Company will run a cheap excursion to-morrow night for Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and other stations in Scotland, returning on Monday, 15th, or Friday, April 19. Tickets at a single fare for the double journey will also be issued by above excursion to places named, available for return by one fixed train on any day within sixteen days, including days of issue and return. On same date cheap excursions will also be run for six days to and from King's Cross and Scarborough, Whitby, York, Bradford, Keighley, Halifax, &c. On Saturday cheap three days' excursion trains will be run from Liverpool, Southport, Stockport, Warrington, Manchester, Oldham, Huddersfield, Wigan, &c., to King's Cross. On Easter Monday cheap day excursions will be run to St. Albans, Wheathampstead, Harpenden, &c. Cheap day excursions to London will be run from Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, Peterborough, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Luton, Dunstable, &c. By the way, this company has issued a handy and compendious list of the principal agricultural shows to be held throughout the country during this year, and to and from which they carry.

On the Brighton and South Coast Railway the availability of the special cheap week-end tickets issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, to the seaside, will be extended for return up to and including Wednesday. Special Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday Tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe. To-morrow a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, *via* Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the special day express service, and also by the fixed night express service to-day until Monday inclusive.

The London and South-Western Company, which will issue tickets from to-morrow to Monday, have arranged a special trip to the Channel Isles and Havre. Cheap tickets, twenty-five shillings, third-class by train and fore-cabin by steamer, will be issued from Waterloo, Kensington, &c., to Guernsey, Jersey, and Havre to-morrow, Good Friday, Saturday, and Easter Monday, available to return any day (Sundays excepted) within fourteen days of the date of issue. Similar tickets will be issued to St. Malo and Cherbourg on certain days.

The Great Western Railway Company will run cheap excursions to Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, and certain other stations in the South and West of England. Tickets at twenty-five shillings, return, available for fourteen days, will also be issued to Guernsey and Jersey. To-morrow, an excursion, reaching Exeter in 5½ hours, and Plymouth in 7¾ hours, will leave Paddington at 7.55 a.m. Excursions will also be run on the same day to Bristol, Oxford, Birmingham, &c. On Good Friday, cheap trains will run to Reading, Oxford, and other riverside stations. On Saturday, an excursion will run to Bath and Bristol, and on Monday, excursions will be made to Reading, Bath, &c.

The Hook of Holland route to the Continent *via* Harwich offers exceptional facilities to passengers visiting Holland and Germany at Easter, especially for those who wish to travel direct from the Midland Counties or North of England, whence they can start in the afternoon, or London any evening, arriving early the next morning at Amsterdam, The Hague, and the chief Dutch towns. A similar service is in force on week-days to Brussels and other Belgian towns *via* Antwerp. Through carriages run to Berlin and Cologne on arrival of the steamers at the Hook of Holland, reaching those cities the same day, this being the cheapest route to Germany. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich to-morrow and Saturday for Hamburg, returning on Sunday and Tuesday.

The Queenborough-Flushing line announce that tickets, available for eight days, will be issued at reduced rates, between to-day and Monday, by their day boats, to Amsterdam, Arnheim, The Hague, Rotterdam, and Utrecht. Tickets, available for thirty days, for a circular tour through Holland are now issued by this route at very low rates. Trains to Queenborough in connection with the steamers leave Victoria, Holborn, and St. Paul's at 8.30 a.m. and 8.30 p.m. every day.

The South-Eastern Railway Company will run a fourteen-day trip to Paris; a trip to Boulogne on Saturday, returning on Bank Holiday; and an eight-day trip to Brussels *via* Calais or Ostend. There will be a day excursion to Calais on Bank Holiday. Cheap day excursions to Rochester, Chatham, Sheerness, &c., will be run on Good Friday and Easter Monday. The usual cheap Friday or Saturday to Monday tickets to Canterbury, Ramsgate, Margate, and Deal, &c., will also be issued to-morrow, and will be available to return up to and including Wednesday.

WOMAN AS AN INVENTOR.

Women are daily inventing. They themselves, perhaps, may not know it. Yet among the thousand and one tricks of method, which woman, unknown to herself, originates, are many which could, if developed, be extended from the crude notion to the useful time and labour saver of the million. The Hair-Curler, which but a few years ago was entirely unknown to the world, and is now such an acknowledged adjunct to the toilet, was the invention of a lady. The "Mary Anderson" Curling-Iron—an ingenious arrangement by which a centre bar is shot out from its clean nickel shield to be heated, and is afterwards returned before being applied to the hair—was the invention of a young lady living at Port Elizabeth, South Africa (as also a Hair-Pin with an ingenious but simple grip arrangement, by which it is prevented from falling out, and which has enjoyed



royalties for some years, reaching recently to over one hundred pounds per annum). It is more than likely that a woman who had the daily experience and trouble of kindling her kitchen fire with flint was the inventor of the Lucifer Match. At any rate, the actual originator is unknown, and the benefits of it were lost to its inventor in a manner not unfrequent to-day. The latest invention of a lady in the toilet world is the Hair-Pin known as Hinde's Pyr Point Hair-Pin, which has pear-shaped points in place of the usual sharp ones. The lady, Madame Stephanie, is a resident of Brittany, and her present royalties, the outcome of her own ingenuity, must afford her eminent satisfaction. Messrs. Hinde are pleased to be enabled to put on record the fact that in the affairs of the Bonhair, and the business thereof,

"Man is but the artificer; woman guides by single threads of gold."

THE QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE.



*The Sun affords us light by day
The Moon and Stars by night.
While ASPINALL'S ENAMEL makes
Our Homes refined and bright.*

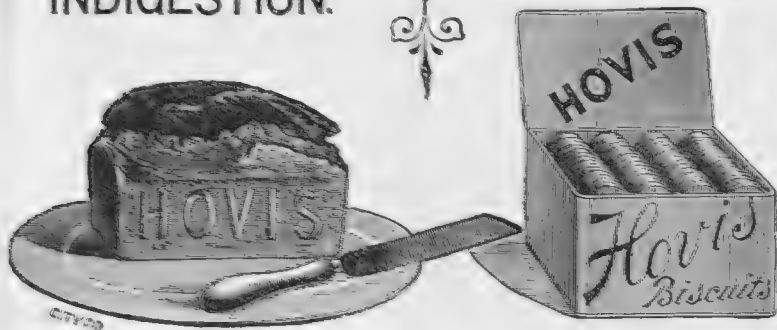
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INDIGESTION.

Supplied to the QUEEN
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S. FITTON & SON, Millers, MACCLESFIELD.

Bakers recommending any other Bread in the place of "Hovis" do so for their own profit. Beware!

A Sluggish Liver.

(Home Treatment Suggested.)

A sluggish liver is recognised by a dull pain between the shoulders, or in either shoulder-blade; tenderness in the region of the liver, with sometimes a slight enlargement of that organ; thirst, coated tongue, flatulency, dry, yellow skin; biliousness, yellowness of the eyes, hacking dry cough, variable appetite, cold hands and feet, shortness of breath, disagreeable taste in the mouth, low spirits, blotches on the face and neck, disturbed sleep, or a disinclination for exertion. Nothing necessitates so much absence from business, cessation of ordinary duties, and disinclination to resort to amusements as a torpid, inactive liver. Guy's Tonic is the correct medicine to take in these cases. No matter how chronic or grave the case, it will commence to yield after the first few doses of this wonderful remedy. Congestions and other biliary derangements are cured with



unerring certainty. The complete and permanent restoration resulting from a short continuance of Guy's Tonic is truly remarkable; a cure invariably takes place although other remedies may have been used without benefit. The rapidly increasing demand for this medicine in chronic derangement of the liver is therefore not to be wondered at.

Mr. J. H. Knight, of Albert Street, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, writes:

"Having suffered from severe Liver Complaint for the last three years, with pain in the back and mental depression, I have tried nearly everything without benefit; but after taking three doses of Guy's Tonic, the pains in the back have entirely disappeared. I now feel as I have not felt for years. I shall recommend Guy's Tonic wherever I go."

Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Kingdom. It is prepared under the personal supervision of a qualified Pharmacist, and is widely recommended by Medical Men.

HOMOCEA



IN
INFLUENZA.

In our judgment Homocœa should prove almost a specific for ordinary cases of Influenza. At first put a little up the nostrils, well back, and then one hour afterwards take a lump about the size of a hazel-nut internally. This is easily done by throwing it back in the throat and swallowing some water. Homocœa contains nothing injurious—neither Laudanum, Menthol, Mineral, or any narcotic.

As a preventive of Influenza some should be put up the nostrils two or three times a day. If the nose, eyes, or throat are affected, a half teaspoonful might be put in a cup of boiling water, and the fumes inhaled through the mouth and nostrils, a flannel cloth being thrown over the head. We are convinced that this treatment will prove beneficial.

What Homocœa is, millions of Englishmen now know. Never in the annals of medicine has a preparation been offered to the public with anything like its virtues. Certainly it has not been effectually tried in Influenza; but the way it works on a chill, when taken internally, causes us to believe that the result will be equally helpful in the epidemic that is now prevailing. Note.—Wherever there is any Rheumatic Affection rub the part thoroughly with EXALSO—the strong preparation of Homocœa.

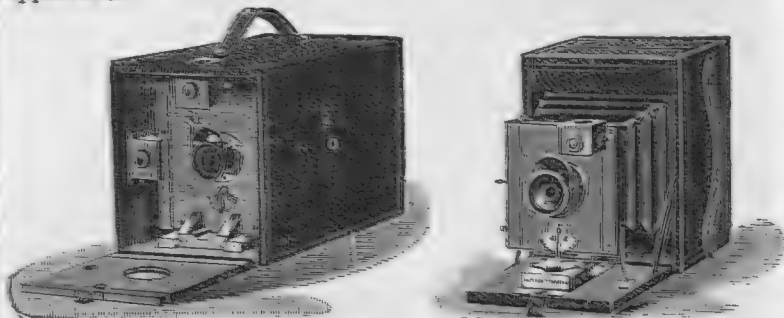
HOMOCEA

Stands unrivalled as a universal cure and preventive of Chills, Coughs, Colds in the Head, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Convulsions, Bruises, Strained Muscles, Pains in Joints, Aches and Sprains, Dizziness, Ears, Toothache, Faciæ, and all kindred ills and complaints.

Homocœa is sold by all druggists in medicine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. per box, or can be had direct from Homocœa Co., 22, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, and Dr. F. H. Smith, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, and Dr. F. H. Smith, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, and Dr. F. H. Smith, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

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Either single view or rapid rectilinear lenses of splendid quality.

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RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Mr. Charley Thompson is a well-known figure in the saddle. He is a sportsman to the backbone. While he thinks it a waste of time to ride in hunters' flat-races; he would travel fifty miles for the chance of a



MR. C. THOMPSON.

Photo by Robinson, Regent Street, W.

mount on a Galloping Dick or a Wild Meadow over a steeplechase course. With regard to the last-named horse, I know for a fact that many of the lads in the late Jack Jones's stable refused to ride him at exercise. Not so Captain Bewick, however, who once got him over the Sandown course by the aid of a big ash stick for a wager. But even the Captain was glad enough to part with the horse at last, which then, as a matter of course, fell to the lot of Mr. C. Thompson, who did fairly well with the animal until he got seriously injured on the Continent. Mr. Thompson's motto when charging a fence is said to be "Through, under, or over," and I can well believe it, as the popular amateur horseman does not know what fear means, and, notwithstanding the fact that

he has broken nearly every bone in his body, he is still ready, as was shown the other day, to try and get an Ardcarn over the Grand National course. Mr. C. Thompson has several 'chasers in training in Mr. C. Payne's stable, and he makes them pay by following the little Hunt meetings. He rides on the Continent in the off-season, and scores in his turn. Mr. Thompson is well known in Clubland, also in the newspaper world, as he was the originator of "inset" advertisements.

As I stated when the Weights first came out, the Jubilee Stakes is likely to be the best race of the year. Although a lot has been written about the Kempton bend, the course is very popular with owners who like to run their horses at Sunbury. It is too early to speak of the probable winner, but I know several horses are to be specially prepared for the event; and I believe the Prince of Wales, who, by the way, is a member of the Kempton Club, will make an effort to be present, as it is no secret that this is his Royal Highness's favourite racecourse.

The frequent suspicious happenings in connection with racehorses amount to a scandal, and it is time the authorities took steps to set the public mind at rest with regard to these. Several good judges contend to this day that Orme was poisoned; many more think that Pensioner died from the effects of a poisonous drug, and several people are thinking that other horses have been got at. Now, it would be the simplest thing in the world for the authorities to call before them any member of the Ring whom they knew to have laid against horses that have collapsed, and to compel him to account for his presumption. Layers, as a body, are fearful cowards. They will not lay six to one about a five-to-two chance, as a rule; but, if they do, it is fair game to make them give their reasons.

Racecourse thieves are getting desperate, if the report is really true that a well-known sporting correspondent was attacked at Lincoln. Many years back, when I was a sub-editor on a daily sporting paper, one of my reporters went to the Alexandra Park Trotting Meeting, and he was robbed of his gold watch and chain—a presentation one, too. His brother reporters were very indignant, and one poor fellow, long since dead, promised to get the watch and chain back, if possible, within a week. He did, and the "King of the Boys," who worked the oracle for the good-natured reporter, made use of an expression somewhat like the following: "Our mug found a mug among your lot, but I tell our mug, if he don't draw the line at Mr. Newspaper, I'll scalp him!"

It is difficult to say just now what will compose the field for the City and Suburban, but I expect to see quite fifteen horses at the post. The North Country people are fastening on to Xury, who ran so well behind Grey Leg last year, but someone was laying Xury very heavily for the Lincoln Handicap. If None the Wiser runs at Epsom, she will very nearly win, and it is funny to look back and find that the mare was given bottom weight in the Handicap last year.

A very remarkable fact has come to my knowledge during the last few days. It is this. Since the Anti-Gambling League came into existence the demand for racing literature has grown to such an extent that, at the present time, the sale of the prominent racing guides is larger than it has ever been known to be before. I make this statement on the authority of one of our biggest publishers, who, too, has a monopoly in London of the most popular racing guide.



THE GRAND NATIONAL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUD, LIVERPOOL.

HENRI QUATRE.*

"A hero who conquered France inch by inch and yet could not manage two unruly women." Of all the epitaphs on Henry of Navarre this comes nearest the mark. Both as soldier and as administrator Henry



HENRY III. AND THE DUKE OF GUISE AT BLOIS.

was one of the greatest men of his time; yet he was always at the mercy of some woman's caprice, and even in his old age his amorous pranks scandalised a not very rigorous Court. But even in this aspect he compares favourably with our own Charles II., and his gaiety and generosity in the midst of his vices offer a pleasing contrast to the dull brutality of Henry VIII. He had a hearty contempt for the etiquette that hedges a king, and was wont to make short work of the deputations who waited on him with pompous addresses. One of the illustrations from Mr. Blair's book represents a loyal citizen, evidently a mayor, about to unroll a formidable parchment. No doubt it was this worthy gentleman who hurt his toe at the critical moment, and uttered an oath. "That will do," said Henry. "What follows will only spoil so good a beginning." Mr. Blair gives a vivid picture of all the striking personalities in this epoch of French history, in which debauchery and murder were the common instruments of a religious crusade. Here is Catherine de Medici, who cared as little for Catholic as for Huguenot in the subtle combinations of a policy designed to play off the factions against one another. Here is the great Condé, who perished miserably, while the woman he had betrayed gazed at his disfigured corpse and exclaimed "Enfin!" like a heroine of the Porte St. Martin. Here is Guise, the Catholic hero, who thought himself master of Paris, and walked through the streets little recking that his murderers were waiting for him at the very door of the king's room, and that Henry III. was shivering with dread lest he should escape. Here is Marguerite de Valois, who married Henry of Navarre, and surpassed him in licence. There is a cheerful story of two of Marguerite's lovers who were executed by Catherine for treason, and whose severed heads were carried away by the Queen of Navarre as mementoes. This, says Mr. Blair drily, "created a scandal"; but royal ladies were not distressed by gossip in those days. Was it not to the Tour de Nesle that Margaret used to inveigle unsuspecting wooers, who never came out alive? Perhaps there is more of Alexandre Dumas than of history in that legend, but there was often little to choose between a lover's tryst and assassination. Of the religious feuds, Mr. Blair takes a dispassionate view. Huguenot was as intolerant as Catholic, and fanatical cruelty was common on both sides. That Henry of Navarre had any deep convictions is extremely unlikely. His father had abjured one religion and the other several times, and Henry himself had, under stress, performed one abjuration long before he discovered that Paris was worth a Mass. But it is to the student of manners that this book is most interesting, and its chief fault is that Mr. Blair has compressed his story into so narrow a compass that it is sometimes difficult to follow.

Mr. CHROME: "I'm so glad you like the painting, Miss Ethel."

Sun: "Oh, it's perfectly lovely! But you must let me return the frame, as mamma does not allow me to accept valuable presents from gentlemen."—*Life*.

THE HISTORY OF THE DRAMA.

Two books about drama have just come out. One is called "The German Reeds and Corney Grain," and published by A. D. Innes, of Bedford Street. It is the first of a series called "The Minster Library," and, though it contains twenty-four capital illustrations, it costs but a shilling. The editor, Mr. David Williamson, fortunately, is a man really in sympathy with the unique and charming St. George's Hall entertainment. If there is any fault to be found with the book, it is that, in his anxiety to get together documents, he has too unselfishly minimised the space for his own able pen. The book contains an interesting account of "The Origin and Founders of German Reed's Entertainment," of "Past and Present Members of German Reed's," "A Few Reminiscences of Mr. Corney Grain," and "Last Words." In addition is a pleasant article, "On Entertainments and Entertainers," written by poor Corney Grain, and an interesting account, by Mr. Malcolm Watson, of "The Composition and Rehearsal of Pieces." Not only does the book present many portraits of favourites of well-deserved popularity and facts of note concerning them, but throughout it is written in a graceful, kindly spirit that must commend and recommend it to the many thousands who, as regular playgoers, or as seekers of amusement making St. George's Hall the limit of their expeditions, have had such pleasure at the hands of Corney Grain, Alfred German Reed, and Miss Fanny Holland that they have come to look upon them as dear personal friends.

The other work is "The Theatrical World, 1894," by Mr. William Archer. The work is simply the collection of the criticisms by "W. A." that appeared in the *World*, with an apologetic epilogue by the critic and a vigorous introduction by the awe-inspiring "G. B. S." "W. A.'s" gifts have enabled him to produce work that might prove fascinating even to those who never enter what Mr. Archer does not call "the Temple of Thespis." The "G. B. S." introduction may be a little disappointing, for it has hardly enough of Mr. Shaw's splendid and fascinating egotism; indeed, the greater part is a discussion of the actor-manager question, and, strange to say, expresses views with which it is easy to agree. Now, "G. B. S." at his best is a writer with whom it is impossible to agree. He is a champion of fantastic theories, chivalric supporter of strange opinions. However, "W. A." makes amends, and his notices form an admirable history of the year's drama—an admirable history, for it is scrupulously accurate in facts, and the general tone is very fair.



HENRY IV. RECEIVING AN ADDRESS.

With the Japanese Troops.

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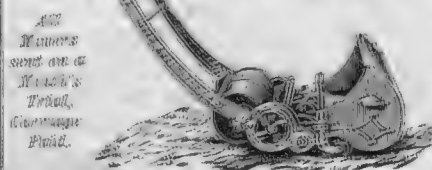
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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

The quest of the omnipotent blouse occupied all my attention the other day, for, though I had long ago realised its growing importance, the sight of a congregation of blouses, of every form, fashion, and colour, assembled together at Niagara on a Sunday afternoon, had completed my



THE "CARMENCITA."

conquest and shown me that, for the moment, at any rate, Fashion's password was "The Blouse!" and "The Blouse" only. How surprised the original article—an embodiment of sweet simplicity—would be, if it could gaze upon the gorgeous creations which now bear its name, and how the prices thereof would astonish and pain its economical soul! However, simplicity, in connection with the fabric and the fashion of blouses, is now a thing of the past, and certainly the new creations



THE "HÉLÈNE."

are lovely enough to make us forgive them anything. I fell hopelessly in love with one thing of beauty and of turquoise-blue glacé silk, veiled with black accordion-pleated chiffon, the great bishop's sleeves caught into a satin cuff, while round the neck was a ruffled chiffon collar, with

many little pink Banksia roses nestling in its cloudy folds, and cravat-ends finishing it in front. This was worn with a black crépon skirt; and another gown, of bright, dark, cornflower-blue crépon, was provided with a blouse of chiffon to match, beautified by an appliqué of delicate, mellow-tinted lace, the lining of pale cornflower-blue silk shining through the filmy folds with exceedingly pretty effect. One of the most striking blouses was of the new Paisley crépon; and black chiffon was much used, relieved in many cases with jet waistbands and trimmings, and in one or two instances simply with those deep waistbands of elastic, covered with a glittering mass of sequins, a vivid green being most effective. One of the very few who did not patronise the blouse was a dainty and well-known actress, who looked perfectly charming in a dark-blue serge costume, the little coat-bodice, with its short, full basques, held in round the waist by a black satin band, and having a full vest of pale-yellow chiffon, relieved at the throat by two clusters of deep-petunia roses, which, in conjunction with some shimmering wings of metallic hue, also assisted in composing the toque. Skirt and basques were lined with red silk, the effect of which was all the more fascinating because only revealed occasionally.

But, to return to the blouse, and my journeyings in search of new and practicable varieties on your behalf, need I say that I made 256 to 264, Regent Street, my special hunting-ground, for does not Mr. Peter



THE "ADELLE."

Robinson occupy the position of godfather to the garment of the day? And, once there, the usual difficulty arose, and I realised the full force of that oft-quoted sentence, "How happy could I be with either," only, in this case, "any" should be substituted for "either." Who, for instance, could help revelling in the charms of a glorified blouse of forget-me-not blue glacé silk, patterned with a design of pale-hued mauve violets, and combined with cloudy white chiffon and yellowish lace? or another, of pale yellow silk, with a chiné design of pinkish-yellow roses and tender green velvet, and with fine lines of black forming a check design, the trimming consisting of bands of black velvet ribbon, narrowly edged with cream lace. This blouse had the tiniest of full basques, which, for a change, were destined to be worn outside the skirt, and the full puffed sleeves terminated at the elbow, a fashion which is being followed in all the smartest gowns and blouses. That it is a pretty fashion I would be the last one to deny, but my admiration is tempered by a mental calculation as to the probable amount which, by the end of the season, will have been expended on the long suède gloves which are the inevitable accompaniment of these elbow-sleeves. However, that is a detail which Dame Fashion has not deemed worthy of consideration, and which, as a matter of fact, we shall all be able to settle satisfactorily, I have no doubt.

Then a vision of summer and its attendant delights came to me with the sight of a daintily lovely blouse of white-spotted muslin, having a deep square collar with a full frill, and three insertion bands of cream Valenciennes, the pouch front being also combined with the lace. Round the arms passed a band of broad white silk ribbon, with a satin stripe in pale petunia, the collar and waistband being of the same effective material, and each being finished with a smartly tied bow. You can imagine how delightful this looked; and you can also endeavour to picture to yourself the charms of a pale, cornflower-blue chiffon, spotted with silk, the elbow-sleeves arranged in double puffs, and the front

adorned with a cascade drapery of creamy lace, studded with many paillettes in a bright shade of blue, bows of satin ribbon being also added as further trimming. Then I thought it high time, as there seemed no end to these elaborately lovely little garments, to turn my attention to some equally pretty but more serviceable varieties, better suited for the ordinary daily wear of the average woman, the result being the three sketches which I present to you herewith. Take the "Carmencita" blouse, for instance, which is smart enough to satisfy anyone, but which will, in addition, prove itself a serviceable and lasting companion throughout the season. The material thereof is white glacé silk, with



moderately broad stripes of black satin, an effective combination which always looks well. The sleeves are perfectly cut, their great puffed fulness at the top merging into plain, tight-fitting cuffs, and the draped collar having an outstanding bow-end at each side, the waistband, too, being fashioned in the same manner. The yoke is arranged in a series of gathings, and down each side in front passes a broad band of black velvet, with an edging of the striped silk so narrow as to be only a suggestion, while three cut-steel buttons glisten on the dark, soft background.

If this is too striking for your requirements, you have only to turn to the *Hélène*, so christened in honour of the latest royal fiancée, and which is almost as pretty as its namesake. It is made in grey and black glacé, in the tiniest and neatest of checks, and no trimming whatever is introduced to interfere with its smart simplicity. At the back there is a square sailor-collar, edged with a tiny frill of the silk, and continued in the front in the form of pointed bretelles. The front is full, the yoke being outlined with a pleated *ruche*, and the waist encircled by a draped band finished at each side with two bow-ends, while there is a collar to match. I must tell you also that, perfectly made as it is, this eminently smart and serviceable blouse can be purchased for two guineas, and so has special claims on your attention.

As to the "Adèle," its uses are manifold, for while it will do yeoman service for many a long day, or rather, night, as a dinner- or theatre-bodice, it is not too pronounced to be donned in the daytime for some specially smart occasion. Made of black chiffon relieved by an almond-shaped silken spot, the puffed elbow-sleeves are divided down the centre by a band of pale mauve satin, edged with three narrow stripes of black guipure sparkling with jet paillettes, a similar arrangement of satin and lace forming the ever-present box-pleat in the front. A ruffled collar of black chiffon forms a most becoming setting for the face, and beneath the square yoke and its ruffled edging fall festoons of large cut-jet beads, divided by the satin box-pleat. The deep waistband is of the satin ribbon, and boasts of two bows, one—the larger—at the left side, and the other at the back, the shoulders being also adorned with double bows of satin. Altogether, I think that the "Adèle" is one of the most successful examples of the New Blouse, which is receiving even more attention than the New Woman just now, a fact which is not to be wondered at when its superior attractiveness is considered.

But, apart from blouses, Mr. Peter Robinson has numberless dainty additions to the toilette, such as chiffon bows, of varying length, which form effective backgrounds for clusters of many-hued roses or other flowers, some being mere neck-ruffles, while others fall far down the skirt, and such a pretty finish do they give to any dress that I can readily imagine they will be exceedingly popular—as to prices, you can range from a guinea to 35s. 6d., according to the length of the bow and your purse. If, however, you want to have something entirely distinctive and novel, let me commend to you the latest Parisian novelty, of which I

have secured a sketch. It consists, in the first place, of a huge bow of rose-pink mirror velvet, the goodly proportions of which occupy the whole of the back of the neck, while round the sides passes a broad band of the velvet, overlaid with lovely lace of a faint yellowish tone, the lace—without the velvet background—being continued in long stole-ends, which fall beneath the waist. Clusters of full-blown pink roses mark the termination of the velvet at each side, and the entire collarette is bordered with a narrow frill of black accordion-pleated chiffon. The only thing necessary to make it absolutely perfect is the accompaniment of Mr. Peter Robinson's latest production in the way of millinery—a lovely hat of fancy yellow straw, trimmed in novel fashion with loop-bows of lace, and edged with black accordion-pleated chiffon. At the back an artistically careless bunch of most realistic pink convolvulus blossoms challenges comparison with Nature's offspring, and under the brim a great bow of rose-pink silk rests on the hair. The charms of this new collarette entirely subjugated me, and I fell to picturing it in yellow velvet and black lace, with tea-roses at the throat, or, maybe, in turquoise-blue velvet, with bunches of violets. It would look almost equally lovely in any combinations of colour, and I foresee a great future before it.

Needless to say, I found also a goodly store of those most delightfully dainty little collars and cuffs of tucked French cambric and yellowish Valenciennes, which give such a pretty finish to simply made blouses and bodices—they are, of course, distinctly out of place on the more elaborate bodices, but, with suitable backgrounds, I do not think that there is anything more entirely *chic* than the quaint, Puritan-like simplicity which is combined in such curiously effective fashion with most worldly smartness. Just at first I was afraid to spoil the effect of their prettiness by inquiring as to their price, but I was eventually most pleasantly surprised to find that a pair of cuffs with collar to match could be purchased for three shillings and ninepence, though, of course, if you wanted more elaborate detail, you could go up to eight shillings, insertions of Valenciennes lace being in this case combined with the tucked cambric. Fronts to match are also to be had at equally moderate prices (complete with collar and cuffs from six shillings), and already the demand for them is so great that it is difficult to keep up the supply. And all these dainty accessories in the way of blouses and collars and the like will be doubled and trebled in value if you indulge, in the first place, in a skirt of black *crêpon*, for, if well cut and measuring many yards in circumference, it will be one of the most useful possessions which anyone could possibly have, and will look well with any and every bodice.

And now I want a word with a correspondent, "Living Abroad," to whom I should have been delighted to reply direct had she given me some address less vague than Bombay. As it is, I can only say that, after going carefully into the matter and consulting experts on the subject, I cannot conscientiously recommend anything which will have all the desired effects; those preparations which are apparently most efficacious have results which are, in one way or the other, distinctly troublesome, and sometimes harmful, so, if I may offer my personal advice on the subject, I should re-echo *Punch's* "Don't!" As regards the actress whom I mentioned, she had not been tampering with Nature's handiwork, but had merely called in the aid of an artificial addition for the time being only. I shall be delighted to hear from "Living Abroad" again, and only hope that I may be able to give her a more satisfactory answer to her next query.

FLORENCE.

An exceedingly handsome trophy and centrepiece has been presented to Mr. F. C. C. Nielsen, general manager in England of the Great Northern Telegraph Company, by the members of the British Staffs, together with a congratulatory address upon his completion of twenty-five years' service in the company. The base, encircled by a representation of a cable, rises in a graceful curve to a similar cable, forming the foundation of a fluted column supporting an engraved and cut-glass dish, which, in turn, is surmounted by a representation of the Globe, bearing an exquisitely modelled figure of *Electra* grasping the lightning. The work was designed and modelled throughout in sterling silver by Messrs. Mappin and Webb.



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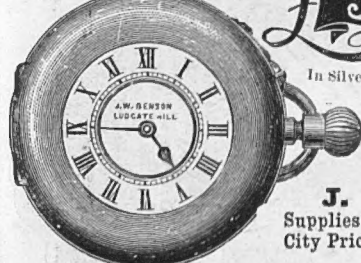
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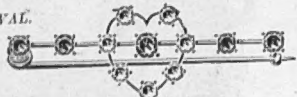
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In ordering it is only necessary to give correct bust measurement.

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THE MOST SUCCESSFUL NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.

READ THIS. From the "Draper's Record," July 16, 1894.
"From an authentic source I hear that no less than SEVEN MILLIONS of the Leopold Grip have been sold in four months."

A ROYAL COMMAND from H.R.H. The Grand Duchess Peter of Russia.



"Gerant de la Cour et Aide-de-Camp de S.A.I. Le Grand Duc Pierre de Russie.
Translation: "Sir,—Will you please forward to the address of Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia some Dress Grips, as per your advertisement. Enclosed amount."
"(Signed) BABON DE STAEL."
"HOLSTEIN, April 10, 1894."



WITHOUT THE GRIP.

LORD DRESSWELL: "Whilst we are out shopping, dear, remind Lady Ethel to buy HALF-A-DOZEN LEOPOLD SKIRT GRIPS."

Price 3d. PAT. No 173 THE "LEOPOLD" SKIRT GRIP each. Is its extreme simplicity. It is the only Grip made in one piece without any troublesome Hook and Eyes, and the only one that attaches itself to the skirt. Of all Drapers throughout the Kingdom. Patentee and Inventor, L. MARKS, London Road, LEICESTER.



FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH and BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS, AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2/6 per Bottle.

Take Things Right End First.

A SPY-GLASS is of no use unless you know which end to put to your eye. "Everybody does know that," you tell me. No, they don't. It is amazing what simple mistakes people will make and what a lot of trouble comes of it. There wouldn't be half the worry and bother there is in this world if we knew what goes first and what next—the odds between causes and consequences. And it is to enforce this important lesson that the present writer keeps on talking so much like a schoolmaster at large. But because of his motive (to save you money and pain) he is sure you will bear with him.

Be good enough to study and remember this lesson. It begins with a short letter. "In October 1890," says the lady who writes it, "I left my home in Faringdon, Berkshire, to nurse my son who was very ill at his home in Bulwell. Owing to his death my system received a great shock. Soon I became low, weak, and thoroughly prostrated. I had no desire for food, and the little I ate gave me intense pain at my chest and around the waist. I had also a horrible gnawing pain in the bowels, and nothing we could do relieved it. I was much troubled with palpitation and pain around the heart. A little later my breathing had come to be so bad that I had to be bolstered up whilst in bed.

"With all this I began to lose strength rapidly. I grew weaker and weaker, until I could no longer move about, and was obliged to

take to my bed. There I lay for *four long and weary months*, in such an exhausted condition that I had to be nursed night and day. From having been a strong, healthy woman I was in six months reduced to a mere shadow of my former self.

"As I lay in bed I had a doctor attending me all the time. Several times he examined my heart and *said all my trouble was due to a weak action of the heart*. He gave me medicine, and I took bottle after bottle without feeling any the better for it. I was now as near death's door as anyone could possibly be and live, and I had given up all hope of ever being any better. Yet that time is now more than three years ago, and as I pen these lines I am in good health. How did so striking a change take place? How was it brought about? I will tell you in few words.

"In April 1891, my sister, who then lived at Bath, wrote a letter urging me to try a medicine that had benefited her husband—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Naturally I had no great expectation of its doing me good; still, my husband got me a bottle from Mr. R. Widdowson, the chemist, at Bulwell. After taking it for a week I felt much better. My appetite revived, and my food caused me no pain. My breathing was also easier. These results were so cheering that I continued to take the Syrup, and in ten days I was able to leave my bed. I was still extremely weak, but I got stronger every day. Not long afterwards I was able to walk about, and *in three months*

I was as well as ever. I consider that Mother Seigel's Syrup has saved my life, and I desire other sufferers to hear about it. Hence I should be very pleased to have you publish my letter if you think it may do good. I will answer any inquiries. (Signed) Matilda Walter, 22, Chatham Street, Highbury Vale, Bulwell, Nottingham, October 30, 1894."

Now, nobody on earth could state this case as clearly as Mrs. Walter has herself done. She has given us all the main facts straight as a sunbeam, and in the proper order. Yet only look at it. After she began to take Mother Seigel's Syrup she was well in three months—and almost from a dying bed, at that. This is an astonishing fact. If she was so easily cured, why did she suffer so long and sink so low? That question we are bound to answer. If we don't, there will be no light or logic in the matter. The solution is: the lady was treated for a symptom of her complaint instead of the complaint itself—for a consequence instead of the cause. There you have it in a nutshell. Her disease (for she had but one) was indigestion and dyspepsia, and the heart palpitation, the asthma, and all the other local troubles, arose from *that*. The mental shock following the death of her son no doubt precipitated the attack, as great emotions and mental disturbances commonly do. When the Syrup set the digestive organs in order, recovery was certain in a little time. What have I said a hundred times? You can undo a lock only with the key that fits it.

ENOBAREUS. "I have prais'd 'Edwards' Harlene' when it has well deserved ten times as much as I have said it did."—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER.

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"HARLENE"

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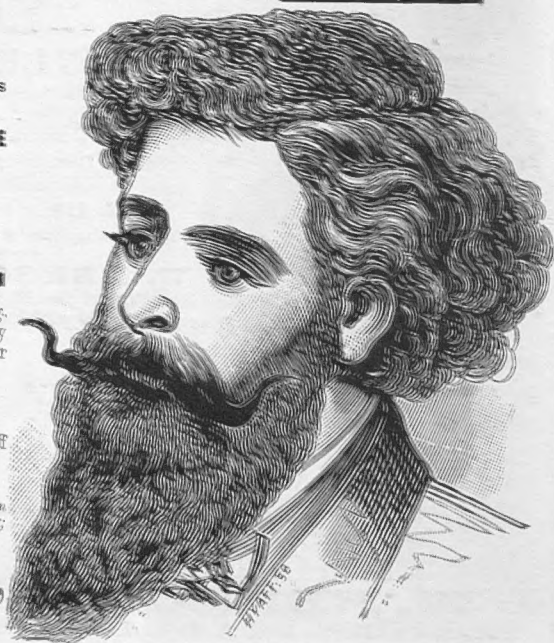
For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair beautifully Soft, for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c. Also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour.

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any Metallic or other injurious ingredients.

1s., 2s. (6oz.), and (Triple 2s. 6oz. size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO.,
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PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

The question of the Speakership is, so far as the Liberals are concerned, definitely closed with the choice of Mr. Gully. Thank goodness, that episode is over! is the feeling of every man on the Government side. I have had considerable experience of House of Commons methods and manners, but I confess I never knew such a hot-bed of intrigue and petty canvassing of personalities, of envy and all uncharitableness, as the Lobby has been ever since the news of Mr. Peel's retirement was sprung upon us. It was not pleasant to witness, but I suppose it was inevitable. However, there can be no doubt that Mr. Gully, if not an ideal choice, is a respectable one. He seldom speaks, he is a little reserved in manner, and he is not often seen in those oases in the desert of Parliamentary life, the smoking-room, the tea-room, the terrace. But, though this necessarily means a certain lack of touch with the social life of the House, and perhaps a want of knowledge of the less prominent men on either side, it may not be such a disadvantage to a Speaker; for if it be true that familiarity breeds contempt, the converse is also true. But Mr. Gully has many qualifications for the position. He is a lawyer of some position, accustomed to weigh the merits of a case, to make up his mind rapidly, and express his views with decision. He is not a strong partisan, his absolute fairness has never been questioned, and, as he would have been made a judge long since had his majority been larger, his fitness for the post may fairly be assumed. But the Speaker of the House of Commons, the first commoner of England, is expected to be not only an adequate voice of its corporate opinion, but also to make a creditable presentment in person of the dignity of Parliament. Speakers Denison, Brand, and Peel all filled this last requirement to the full—fine and stately presences all, especially Mr. Peel. But here, too, Mr. Gully will not fail. His clean-shaven—perhaps a little too legal—face and grave air will fit well with the immense wig which falls on to the Speaker's shoulders; and his tall, slight, elegant figure will carry with grace the black silk robes which veil the Court-suit of the president of the commoners of England in Parliament assembled. His voice, too, is full and strong—by no means an insignificant item in the equipment of a man who would call a noisy House to order. There has, however, been one objection raised to Mr. Gully as successor to Mr. Peel. He is not, say his critics, strong enough. He may not, indeed, be so strong as Mr. Peel, who was a strong, a very strong man. But he is a quite sufficiently forceful person to make his decisions respected. The fact of the matter is that we have been spoiled by Mr. Peel. He had gradually acquired, by reason of his personality, and by alterations in the rules of the House, very large powers over procedure, and one regarded this as inevitable and necessary. In reality it was neither inevitable nor necessary, and, in all probability, Mr. Gully will not bulk so large a factor in Parliamentary tactics as did Mr. Peel. For the rest, he is said to be a good conversationalist, a pleasant companion at the dinner-table, and, as he has a very charming wife, the social side of the Speaker's duties will not lose by the change. The Irishmen, by the way, look kindly on Mr. Gully. It is even said that, like St. Patrick, he is an Irishman, and comes of decent people, and that his grandfather called himself O'Gully. But I do not vouch for the truth of this.

IRELAND AGAIN.

The Irish Land Bill has been the chief measure of the week. But the debate has not offered many points of interest. Mr. Chamberlain, of course, we had; he is always with us. But I cannot conscientiously say he did very much to enlighten us on the subject. His speech was in the familiar style of the member for West Birmingham, deeply partisan and sadly limited in outlook. His sharp, keen face looked its sharpest and keenest; he fastened on smaller debating points with his forgetfulness of the larger issues; he was an adept in the verbal cleverness of which he is master. Of course, he cannot afford to support the Bill whole-heartedly. But he could not exactly say this, so he adopted the minimising policy. He would accept the measure, but—a very pregnant but this—some of the clauses would have to be fought in Committee, and he wound up with the hint that the House of Lords might have to treat it as they treated the Home Rule Bill. The fact of the matter is, the Liberal-Unionists are at sixes and sevens over the measure. The Ulster tenant farmers insist upon it, and Mr. T. W. Russell, as in duty bound, presses it with hardly less force. Mr. Russell's speech was marked by all the fire and energy that gentleman puts into his deliverances. His gestures were wonderful. But, with some exaggerations, which, indeed, one has learned to tolerate, "T. W." made a capital speech, which was listened to by the Nationalists with a good deal of attention. However, good Bill or bad Bill, it has been read a second time, and the road for the moment is clear.

The Members of Parliament now have a type-writing office within the precincts of the House for their special benefit. The machines are in charge of a staff of Remington experts.

An excellent concert was given by the City of London Volunteer Artillery in Cannon Street Hotel, on Friday evening. The "vocal display" was very interesting, but the two events of the evening were the cornet-playing of Sergeant Jenner, of the Royal Artillery Band, and the harp-playing of Miss Mary Chatterton. This lady played some Welsh airs finely, and with a certain infusion of the national spirit, but her rendering of "Auld Lang Syne" was neither Scotch nor was it "Auld Lang Syne."

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Mr. Balfour's intervention in the Leamington dispute was, I must say, very unfortunate. I hear that Mr. George Peel's candidature was privately urged upon him, and that he promised his support before knowing anything of the real facts about the constituency. Now, Mr. George Peel is an able and pleasant young gentleman enough, and moves in a good social circle, and is a friend of Mr. Balfour's friends. But that was no reason why a Conservative seat should be given to a Liberal-Unionist, contrary to the clearly expressed wishes of an enormous majority of the Unionist Party in the constituency. The Central Office has made a bad blunder over the Leamington business, and there is a very sore feeling in the Conservative Party over it.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.

The programme for the session is being carried out. But this is purely a Parliamentary progress. I have to record that the House of Commons has given a second reading to the Welsh Disestablishment Bill by forty-four votes, and that Mr. Chamberlain voted with the Government. But, practically, this vote has only strengthened the Church in Wales. The debate proved the value of the Church far more than any necessity for clearing it out; and the attack will only make the Church defenders more vigorous. As for the figures of the majority, the action of Mr. Chamberlain and some of his fellow Liberal-Unionists is certainly distasteful. But the whole thing is a sham.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

So is the Irish Land Bill. If it were really meant, and if the Government had the least chance of passing it as it stands, the Opposition would have had to resist it tooth and nail. It will have a bad time in Committee, anyhow. But, on the second reading, there were two points in Mr. Morley's favour. In the first place, as his Act of 1881 is expiring, *something* has got to be done. In the second, the Irish Unionist members have to consider that Mr. T. W. Russell is pledged to support the Bill on its main lines, subject to criticisms in Committee. It is not to be denied that "T. W." is rather a difficulty to the Conservatives over the land question. But it is not as if it were only "T. W." It is the Ulster farmers behind him who cause the trouble. Unionist as Ulster has become, in the old days it used to be Liberal; and, with Home Rule on the shelf, the old Liberal notions about the land come once more to the front. How much farther Irish land-legislation is to go in the direction of giving the landlords' property to the tenants, I do not know. Such a Bill, if proposed for England, would not be tolerated. But, then, the mischief has been done in Ireland. What is really wanted is more purchase, and that is what the Unionists will have to see about when they get in. But what we want still more is that Irish farmers should understand that England does this for them in return for their dropping Home Rule. If the Anti-Parnellites show any sign of taking Mr. Morley's Bill as a reward for the Plan of Campaign, it will be the signal for a Conservative revolt.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SUGGESTION.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech on the Bill meant that the Unionists, if in power, would once more try what they could do with a Purchase scheme, compulsory if necessary. But the importance of his speech lay in the fact that he challenged Mr. Morley to give his Land Court a power of "limited compulsory purchase." When this suggestion comes up again, as I suppose it will, in Committee, it will be interesting to see how far the Irish Members will support it.

THE NEW SPEAKERSHIP.

The adoption of Mr. Gully by the Cabinet as their candidate for the Speakership was a foregone conclusion. That they have chosen wisely I cannot allow. They have done an ungracious and partisan thing in not supporting Sir Matthew White Ridley. On the other hand, I am not inclined to vituperate Mr. Gully. It is a great thing to be Speaker of the House of Commons, and no man need be ashamed of accepting a nomination from his own party. Mr. Gully would by common consent have made an admirable judge, and I believe it was only the smallness of his majority for Carlisle which prevented his being raised to the Bench before. As long as judges are appointed for (among others) political reasons, this sort of thing will be done by both sides. But Mr. Gully is a good lawyer, and he is of a handsome presence, tall, with a fine face, clean-shaven; he is firm, polite, popular with those who know him, and will probably make an excellent Speaker as long as he is in the Chair. In society Mr. Gully is much liked. That he will be a new man in a new place is inevitable. Mr. Peel's retirement cannot help being felt. But there is one thing to be remembered by those who, outside the House, talk of Mr. Peel as an ideal Speaker. So he is in many ways, but, at the same time, he has made himself somewhat of a terror to the House of Commons. It may be necessary to have a schoolmaster in the Chair, but Mr. Peel was a veritable martinet. You will find not a few members—and on the front benches, too—who declare that, with Mr. Peel in the Chair, they feel like so many schoolboys. Now, that is all very well if anyone is likely to misbehave, but the consciousness of the presence of a judge is chilling, decidedly chilling, to the average legislator. That the House of Commons will be glad at Mr. Peel's departure would be saying a great deal too much. But, *entre nous*, it will feel easier in its mind.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, April 6, 1895.

Silver again began the week well, but has dropped back, carrying with it the stocks which depend for their value on this metal. With the distribution of something like six million in Government and other dividends yesterday, the market will be swamped with available loan capital, but there is no prospect of the extreme stagnation which marked the early weeks of the year being repeated just now.

First-class securities have been very firm, without of late the stream of buying-orders that we have been accustomed to, while the Home Railway traffics, considering that they compare with Easter week of last year, are better than might have been expected.

For the year to March 31 the total returns of the thirty-three principal lines show a decrease of £934,000, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, which is serious enough, unless the corner is turned, as seems not improbable. The market for the various ordinary shares has been extremely quiet, and without much feature, but upon the least encouragement several stocks would show smart improvements, especially North-Eastern Consols; the real question is whether the encouragement in the shape of traffic increases is likely to be forthcoming.

At last the report of the Canadian Pacific Company has been made public, and the eagerly expected meeting held. We confess that the official document fills us with alarm. Briefly, dear Sir, it shows that, after paying fixed charges, there is a deficit on the year's working of over half a million dollars, and this without taking into account preference dividend; and that of the "reserve," or what the directors had led the world to believe might be so called, only about two millions and a half is left, and this represented by securities of an unrealisable nature. Of course, there is no immediate prospect of a resumption of dividend payments on the ordinary shares, and the only good thing about the whole business is that at last it really appears a clean breast of it has been made.

The selling which for months has depressed the market points clearly to somebody knowing how matters stood, and it is childish for Mr. Van Horne to talk about the share register as a proof that the directors were not getting out. Has he never heard of selling shares without delivering them? Unless our memory fails us, the trick has been worked in many companies before now, and any person who points to a share register as proof that persons connected with an enterprise have not been clearing out must either be very green himself or think his hearers idiots.

The decision of the case of *Forget v. Ostigny* by the Privy Council is of great importance to those unfortunate victims of the bucket-shops who have hitherto imagined that they had no redress, if the Gambling Act was pleaded against them. The judgment of the Lord Chancellor points to the fact that not only can "cover" be recovered, but even profits as well, despite the plea which such people as Perryman have been in the habit of using. We know half the advertising touts whose glaring advertisements are seen in every morning paper have lately been accustomed to refuse even the return of their victim's cover, and in some cases have successfully resisted actions by pleading the Gambling Acts, but we hope, after the case we have referred to, which was decided this week, they will no longer be able to perpetrate this sort of bare-faced fraud without the arm of the law overtaking them.

The sensation of the mining market has been the slump in Londonderrys, just when everybody expected they would touch much higher figures. The story at first told, and believed by the market, was that Colonel North had arranged a big deal of 100,000 or 150,000 shares in Paris at £1 2s. 6d., and delivered vendors' shares, which the Frenchmen found out were unmarketable here for the next ten months, and that thereupon the whole deal was repudiated. There is, no doubt, some truth in the yarn, but it is also clear now that somebody knew more than was made public. Lord Fingall's telegram, published yesterday, alters the whole complexion of the matter; and when we add that a private wire from the first mining expert in Coolgardie has been received in London, and reads "Londonderry lode barren," you will appreciate, dear Sir, how serious the news is. It is too early to even estimate what effect the Londonderry fiasco will produce upon the investing public, and it seems to us a waste of time to guess.

Many of your friends are asking us about Pilbarra Goldfields, which was privately subscribed about two months ago. The concern is in very strong hands, and owns five mines in the district after which it takes its name. These mines have crushed various quantities of stone, ranging from one hundred to five hundred tons, with results which show about two and a-half ounces to the ton. The "Bambo Queen" is to be formed into a subsidiary company almost at once. The market for the shares is very strong at about 35s., but we hardly like to advise purchases at so high a premium, although we believe the company has a most prosperous future, and that Pilbarra is the best of the Western Australian gold-fields.

At this moment, judging from the orders which reach us, there is a demand for cheap shares, among which, from all accounts, African Alluvial Gold Mines are likely to have a rise; but the 3s. 6d. paid shares are the best to gamble in. South Londonderry shares have hardly maintained their price in sympathy with the fall experienced by the shares of the big mine, but they may come again; while Cardiff Castle and Kinsellas are said to be certainties, only remember, dear Sir, that in mining, as in racing, it is not every "cert." that comes off. For the mining investor—as distinguished from the speculator—we advise steady

buying of Mills' Day Dawn, United, and Victory (Charters Towers), also Wentworth ordinary for people who will not hold too long.

You ask for some little book which will show you at a glance the highest and lowest prices of almost all stocks, and the dividends they yield and have yielded in the past, and we send you Dunsford's Handbook, which is exactly what you want, and costs only one shilling. It is a most useful compilation, and we think you will be pleased with it for reference purposes.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

T. R. ROBERTS, LIMITED.—This important drapery company has been offering 60,000 preference shares and 61,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, and no doubt has been over-subscribed. The price to be given for the business is a very large one, but the prospectus is a model of what such documents ought to be. If Mr. Crisp would only see that all prospectuses which bear the stamp of his office were constructed on the same lines, the City would owe him a debt of gratitude. We should advise such of our readers as have been lucky enough to get allotments to hold their shares for a few months at least.

THE PRE-PAYMENT GAS-METER COMPANY, LIMITED, is a concern of which the less said the better. There are several makes of "penny-in-the-slot" gas-meters at present on the market, and giving every satisfaction. There is no reason to suppose that those supplied by this company are better than others, or that the gas companies will discard those which they are at present allowing their customers to use in favour of the company's article.

THE EMPEROR GOLD MINES is offering 45,000 shares of £1 each, and we believe it to be a good mining venture, for the report of Mr. William H. Nicholas is of such a nature that the man who doubted the prospects of the concern must be hard to please, especially when we remember that the Professor is the first authority in Western Australia on such subjects. The prospectus has been issued at a most unfortunate moment, for, with the Londonderry affair quite fresh, we fear public subscriptions are likely to be restricted.

THE ROCHDALE AND MANOR BREWERY is offering 120,000 4½ debenture stock and 5600 6 per cent. preference shares of £10 each. About two months ago, in our "Notes," this issue was referred to, and we have been expecting it ever since. The debentures appear amply secured, and will, no doubt, be over-subscribed, but we are not inclined to recommend the preference shares.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. H. and F. R.—Thank you for enclosures. We hope you have received our private letters. The position has been quite changed since those letters were written by Lord Fingall's telegram.

R. S.—We have returned your papers, and hope you have got them.

VINCENT.—We think well of them, but take a fair profit.

NOVICE.—(1) Don't invest a penny in these so-called debentures. They are a—the libel law forbids us to say what. (2) On April 3 the price opened at 9s. 6d. to 10s. and closed 8s. 9d. to 9s. 3d. We would not deal through the people you name. (3) No, to both questions. (4) They will probably be very valuable in years to come, but they have risen rather too sharply. Buy on any reaction. (5) We should say these people were not to be trusted, and, after your experience, why on earth do you ask? How can you be so silly as to deal through all these outside touts, or listen to a word they advise? They only rob you.

HORNER.—We hope you got our letter. The position is, of course, changed. See this week's "Notes" for an account of what has happened with respect to this mine.

CISS.—(1) The price is very high, but the crushings are good. (2) The board is first class. (3) We hear that another sensational crushing is expected. We think they are good to buy for a rise. (4) We prefer Main Reef, and think well of them.

F. B.—Both the concerns you name are, in our opinion, rubbish, and we would sell, and speculate with the proceeds in something active.

A. J. S. B.—We would not buy Salt Union ordinary shares. The thing was greatly over-capitalised.

AFRICANUS.—The report you mention is, we believe, true, and we think the shares will benefit by the amalgamation. Sell twenty shares, and hold the balance, which will then stand you in about 1½—a very safe price. The other three mines are all good and fair speculations, especially Rietfonteins.

F. B. (JERSEY).—We hope you have got the brokers' names. Like everybody else, you begin buying mines when prices have been run up. Graskops are a fair gamble. Mills' Day Dawn are a really good mining investment to pay 20 per cent.

O. F. P.—(1) We hear African Alluvial are a fair gamble, and that a rise is to be engineered. (2) Hold African Coal shares and Eastleighs. (3) Holcombe Valleys, Victoria and Altamira, or Graskops are all thought to be likely to rise.

BRITONIAN.—See our notes on Londonderry. We regret we ever advised them, but many experienced miners told us they had seen the "golden hole," and that there were sure to be some magnificent returns. So the South Londonderrys are likely to slump in sympathy, and because they depend on the same reef for their returns.

ZAC.—(1) As a speculation, not bad. (2) Graskops might suit you, but don't forget that we hardly yet know how recent events may upset the whole mining market. (3) Kinsellas are, we believe, good to hold.

OLIVER.—The company is in liquidation, and you had better write to the Official Receiver, 33, Carey Street, who will tell you all about it. We do not know if there will be a public examination of the directors or not.

L. J.—We hope you have got our private letter. You might add Imperial Continental Gas stock to the list we sent you; it will pay about 5 per cent.

MAJOR.—We should hold all the shares you name, but get out of No. 2 as quickly as you can, and take small profits in all cases. We do not like any of your list, especially No. 1, which is connected with two bucket-shops. We cannot make out No. 5, as there is no such mine as Ariston. It is very difficult to recommend mines at this moment, when we do not know how the public will take the Londonderry mess. For a gamble, try Graskops, or, for something better, Mills' Day Dawn, or Eastleighs.